THE EXPRESSIVE READERS

THIRD READER

BALDWIN
&
BENDER

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

CLOYD McCARTY,
Mawr Glen, Penn.

Silver Hair and the Butterfly

(See page 225)

READING WITH EXPRESSION

THIRD READER

BY

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B. & B. THIRD READER.

W. P. 4

TO THE TEACHER

THE design of this series of School Readers is to help children to acquire the art and the habit of reading well — that is, of interpreting the printed page in such manner as to give pleasure and instruction to themselves and to those who listen to them. Pupils who have read the Second Reader will find the transition to this Third book very easy, as is also the gradual advancement to more difficult subjects of thought and forms of expression.

A large proportion of the lessons are such as invite and require correctness (and therefore naturalness) of expression. Some of the stories and poems are in dialogue form, while many others readily lend themselves to dramatization. The children should be encouraged to imagine themselves the actors in the various stories, and to read the dialogue passages in the tone and manner in which they suppose them to have been spoken by the original speakers or actors.

The notes under the head of "Expression," which follow many of the lessons, are intended to assist in securing correctness of pronunciation and enunciation, a clear understanding of what is being read, and the intelligible and pleasing oral rendering of the printed page. These notes should be carefully studied by both teacher and pupils.

The phonetic exercises should be frequently and persistently practiced until every pupil acquires, not only the ability to enunciate properly and in natural tones, but also the habit of doing so. The pronunciation of troublesome words should be noted, and every word in the lists should be spelled both by letter and by sound.

Among other special features to be noted are: (1) the adaptation of the lessons to the seasons of the year in which they will most usually be studied; (2) the arrangement, in groups, of certain selections that relate to similar subjects or that require similar methods of study and recitation; (3) the easy introduction to historical subjects, as on pages 54, 67, 78, 132, etc.; (4) the large number of stories having a distinct ethical value; (5) the patriotic lessons appropriate for the February holidays; (6) the many interesting selections relating to nature, and especially those which inculcate lessons of kindness to all living things; and, finally, (7) the genuine literary excellence of the entire contents.

The exercises under the head of "Word Study" at the end of the volume are designed to supplement the "Expression" notes, and they should be the subject of daily reference and study.

The selections to be memorized are such as have been recommended and required by the departments of education in New York state and elsewhere. They should not be disregarded until the end, but should be studied and spoken at appropriate times throughout the year.

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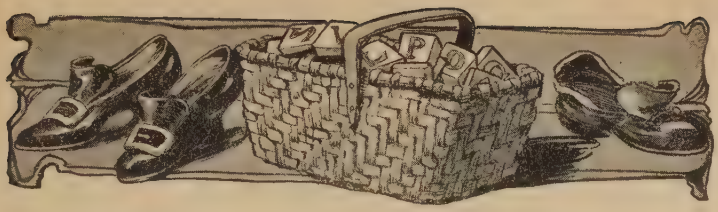


THIRD READER

THE STORY OF GOODY TWOSHOES

pupils	poorly	studied	famous
public	pencil	needed	learner

A long time ago there lived in a great city a little girl whose name was Margery.

She had no home of her own. She had no father nor mother, and all the people who knew her were very poor.

One day when she was going along the street, a kind lady whose name was Mrs. Smith saw her.

The little girl was dressed very poorly and she had only one shoe.

Mrs. Smith spoke to her and asked her name.

"Margery! Margery!" she answered. "My name is Margery."

"Wouldn't you like to go home with me and be my little girl?" said Mrs. Smith.

"Oh, yes!" answered the child. "I think I should like to be your little girl."

So Mrs. Smith took her home and gave her everything that she needed. When she bought her a new pair of shoes, the little girl was so glad that she did not know what to do.

"Two shoes! two shoes!" she cried, as she danced about the room. "See! see! I have two shoes! two shoes!"

She talked so much about her two shoes that her friends began to call her Goody Twoshoes; and some people thought that this was her name.

At that time there were no public schools where all children could go. But Margery wished to learn — she wished to know how to read.

Mrs. Smith's children, who were older, gave her some of their own books to use. They taught her the letters and how to make words with them. They helped her all they could.

Soon Margery could read very well. This pleased her, and then she wished to teach other poor children.

She had learned how every word that is seen in books is made up of one or more of these letters : —

a b c d e f g h i j k l m
n o p q r s t u v w x y z

She liked to print these letters with a pencil on paper. She also learned to write them.

She had never heard of ABC blocks, but one day she made some for herself. She cut them out of soft wood with a knife. They were not so well made as those you can buy in the city, but they were just as useful.

She found that she needed large letters as well as small ones. So she made six sets like these : —

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

When she grew older she spent a good deal of time teaching poor children how to read. Every morning she would put her ABC blocks in a basket and go out to see her pupils, as she called them.

A famous man whose name was Oliver Goldsmith went with her one morning; and it was he who first told this story about her.

The first house they came to was Farmer Brown's. The child knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Little Goody Twoshoes," was the answer. "I have come to teach Billy."

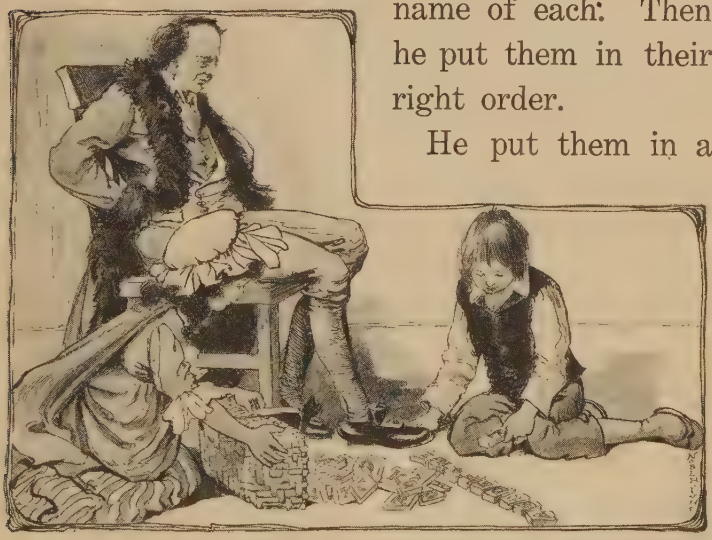
"Come in! Come in, my dear child," said Mrs. Brown. "I am glad to see you." Then she called to a little boy who was at work in the garden. "Billy, here is your teacher. Come and show her how much you have learned."

The little boy came into the house smiling. Margery emptied her basket of ABC blocks.

They were in a heap on the floor, and when she had spread them out they were like this : —

b a f e k m l q s n w v z
d c h g i o r p u t y x j

The little boy picked them up and told the name of each. Then he put them in their right order.



He put them in a heap once more, and then laid them out so as to read them backward, thus : —

z y x w v u t s r q p o n
m l k j i h g f e d c b a

After this he took some of the letters and put them together so as to make words.

At the next house they met little Sally White. "How glad I am to see you!" she said. "I've learned my lesson."

Then she showed them how she had learned to put the letters together. She made the words *ball*, *cat*, *dog*, *cow*, *hen*, and many others.

The next day Mr. Goldsmith went with the young teacher to other houses where the children could not go to school.

All the little learners had tried very hard to do what Margery had told them. Some of them had already learned to read quite well. The fathers and mothers were all pleased because Margery had done so much for their children.

Now, as I have told you, all this happened a long time ago. We learn from the story that even the poorest child may help others and be a blessing to the world.

EXPRESSION: Tell all about Goody Twoshoes. Who was she? When did she live? Where was her home? What kind of girl was she?

Repeat the letters in their order.

Study these words: *gave*, *glad*, *Mar'ger y*, *ball*, *dance*, *pair*. Notice the *a* in each word.

FOLLOW ME

study	naughty	happy	merry
swiftly	ugly	happily	merrily

Children go
To and fro,
In a merry, pretty row,
Footsteps light,
Faces bright —
'Tis a happy, happy sight!
Swiftly turning round and round,
Never look upon the ground;
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

Work is done,
Play's begun;
Now we have our laugh and fun;

Happy days,
Pretty plays,
And no naughty, ugly ways.
Holding fast each other's hand,
We're a happy little band ;
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

Birds are free,
So are we,
And we live as happily.
Work we do,
Study too,
For we learn "Twice one are two."
Then we laugh and dance and sing,
Gay as larks upon the wing :
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

THE WEE BANNOCK

Andrew	griddle	tailors	shears
bannock	table	sewing	oatmeal
shovel	needle	dodge	soup
cruel	welcome	hedge	fetch

I

Now I will tell you the story of the wee bannock.

What is a wee bannock?

It is a thin round cake made of oatmeal and baked on a griddle.

There was once a little boy who was very fond of bannocks. His name was Andrew, and he lived with his mother in a house by the roadside.

One day at dinner time, Andrew said, "Mother, have I been a good boy to-day?"

His mother said, "Yes, my child, you have been very good, and so I am going to bake you some wee bannocks for your dinner."

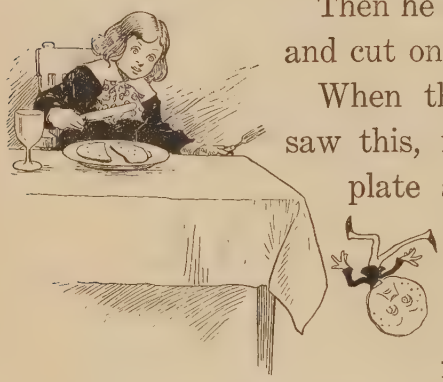
"Thank you, mother," said Andrew.

So she heated the griddle over the kitchen fire and baked two wee bannocks. They were as

round as two wagon wheels and as brown as two chestnuts.

Andrew sat down at the table, and his mother put the hot wee bannocks on his plate.

"Oh, mother, how good they look!"



Then he took up his knife and cut one of them in two. When the other bannock saw this, it jumped off the plate and fell down to the floor.

"You shall not be so cruel to me!" it cried; and before Andrew could pick it up, it was out of the door and running down the road.

"Stop, stop, wee bannock!" called the boy; and he ran after it as fast as he could.

"Stop there, you wee bannock!" cried his mother; and she threw the fire shovel at it, but missed it.

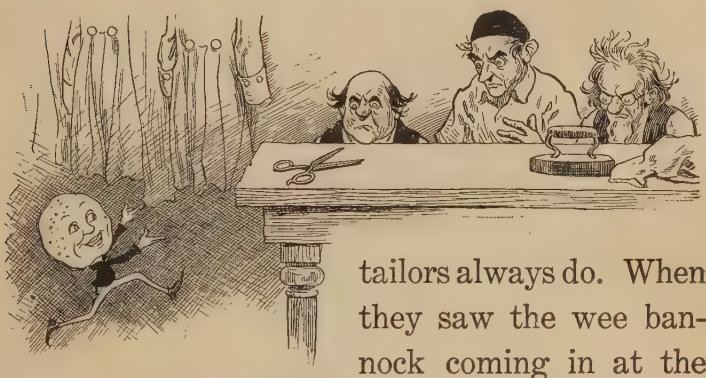
"Ha! ha! you can't catch me. I can outrun both of you!" shouted the wee bannock; and it was soon out of sight.

II

On and on the wee bannock ran till it came to a little town at the foot of the hill.

There it ran into a large house with glass windows and a big door at the end.

Three tailors were in the house. They were sitting cross-legged on a table, and sewing, as



tailors always do. When they saw the wee bannock coming in at the door, they jumped down and hid behind the table. Then all began to call for help.

A milkmaid who was going by heard their cries and looked in to see what was the matter. She saw them peeping over the edge of the table, while the wee bannock was dancing before them.

"Hoot, hoot!" she said. "Don't be afraid,

men. It's only a wee bannock. Catch it, and I'll fetch you a mug of milk to drink with it."

Then the first tailor tried to snip the wee bannock with his shears; the second tried to stick it with his needle; and the third tried to hit it with a hot iron.

You should have seen the wee bannock dodge them all. It was soon out of doors and round the corner.

The three tailors ran after it. The milkmaid followed them shouting, "Catch it, brave men! Catch it!"

But the wee bannock laughed, "Ha! ha! I've outrun little Andrew and I can outrun you, too!"

And it was soon out of sight.

III

On and on the wee bannock ran till it came to a snug little house by the end of a bridge.

"I think I'll stop here and rest," it said.

A shoemaker was at work by the window and his wife was sweeping the floor.

The wee bannock stopped at the door and looked in. The shoemaker saw it.

"Oh, Mary, what's that?" he asked.

"Well, well! It's a wee bannock coming in, all by itself," she answered.

"Let's catch it," said the shoemaker. "It will be so good to put in our thin soup. Catch it, Mary! Catch it!"

"Yes, catch it!" shouted the wife. "Throw your last at it, Willie. Get hold of it, man!"

The shoemaker threw first his last and then his hammer. His wife threw her broom, and both ran after the bannock as fast as they could.

They ran across the bridge. Then the shoemaker tripped and fell down in the road, and his wife came tumbling after.

The wee bannock looked back and laughed. "Ha! ha! I've outrun Andrew and three tailors and a milkmaid, and I can outrun you, too!"

And it was soon out of sight.

IV

On and on the wee bannock ran till it came to a little smithy under a chestnut tree. The smith was making a horseshoe.

"Cling ! clang ! cling !" the anvil was singing as the hammer played upon it.

"I must see what that is," said the wee bannock ; and it stopped to peep in.

The blacksmith looked up and saw its merry round face at the door.

"Come in," he said. "Come in, little friend. It's near supper time, and I do love fresh, hot, wee bannocks."

This frightened the wee bannock very much. It turned about and was off like a flash.

The blacksmith threw his hammer at it, and then ran to catch it with his long tongs.

But the wee bannock ran much faster.

"Ha ! ha !" it laughed, "I've outrun Andrew and three tailors and a milkmaid, and a shoe-

maker and a shoemaker's wife, and I can outrun you, too!"

And it was soon out of sight.

V

On and on the wee bannock ran till it came to a fine large farmhouse with a red barn behind it.

"Well, this looks like home," it said; and it went into the kitchen and sat down by the fire.

The farmer was at the table eating his supper, and his wife was taking the meat from the pot.

"Oh, John, look here!" she said. "Here's a wee bannock warming itself by our fire."

"Shut the door," said the farmer, "and we'll catch it. I do like good fresh bannocks."

But the wee bannock was not to be caught in that way. It jumped up very quickly and was out of the house before the woman could turn round.

It jumped from the doorstep and ran across

the yard. The farmer threw his hat at it, and the farmer's wife ran out to shut the gate.

But the wee bannock dodged under the hedge, and they could not see where it was. So both went back to the kitchen.

The farmer asked, "Are you sure you saw a wee bannock sitting by the fire?"

And his wife answered, "I was never so sure of anything in my life."

"Well, I think you were dreaming," said the farmer; "for how could a bannock sit by the fire?"

The wee bannock was now running across the fields and laughing to itself. The farmer heard it as it called out, "Ha! ha! I've outrun Andrew and three tailors and a milkmaid, and a shoemaker and a shoemaker's wife, and a blacksmith, and I can outrun you, too."

But it was now far out of sight.

VI

On and on the wee bannock ran till night came and it could not see which way to go.

It stumbled over stones; it tripped in the tall grass; it was lost among the bushes and trees.

By and by it came to a rocky ledge at the

top of a hill. There was a hole under the rocks, and the place seemed warm and dry.

"This is almost as good as the kitchen at home," said the wee bannock. "I wonder if I might spend the night here."

"Oh, yes, yes!" said a sharp voice close by. "You are very welcome. Come in! Come in!"

It was the voice of a sly fox who had his home there.

The wee bannock went in. "You look tired," said the fox. "What have you been doing this fine summer day?"

"Well, I've outrun Andrew and three tailors, and —" But the wee bannock said no more; for the sly fox had it between his teeth.

And that was the last of the wee bannock.

EXPRESSION: What is a bannock? Why did the wee bannock run? What did Andrew say to his mother? Tell the whole story as you remember it.

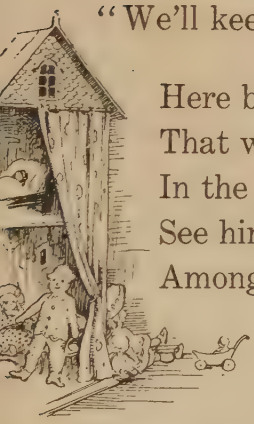
Pronounce: *edge, hedge, ledge, bridge, dodge, dodged.*

THE GINGERBREAD MAN

Here's a hot, brown gingerbread man,
Freshly baked in the baker's pan.
Spiced and sugared, spick and span,
Cloves for his eyes and paste for his tie —
Oh, what a fine sweet man to buy!

Here are Felix and Mary Ann
Looking in at the gingerbread man,
(Spiced and sugared, spick and span,
Cloves for his eyes and paste for his tie)
Wondering whether the price is too high.

Here are Felix and Mary Ann
Going home with the gingerbread man
That was baked in the baker's pan.
"Far too nice to be eaten," they said,
"We'll keep him for a doll instead."



Here behold the gingerbread man
That was baked in the baker's pan,
In the doll house of Mary Ann.
See him stand with his round, fat face
Among the dolls in silk and lace.

Here are Felix and Mary Ann
Sleeping sound as ever they can,
Dreaming about the gingerbread man
Left in the doll house, set away,
Till they come in the morning again to play.

See this rat! Since the night began
He has prowled to get whate'er he can.

Ah! he smells the gingerbread man!
There's the doll house under the shelf,
Just where the rat can climb himself.

Every rat will get what he can.
Ah, the poor, sweet gingerbread man!
Wake, oh, Felix and Mary Ann!
There's a patter, a jump, a squeak —
Ah, if the gingerbread man could speak!

Here are Felix and Mary Ann
Coming to play with the gingerbread man,
Spiced and sugared, spick and span.
Ah, behold, where he stood before,
Only crumbs on the doll house floor!

HIS FIRST SPEECH

speaker	minister	strangers	curtsied
orator	primer	manners	pronounced

One morning, more than a hundred years ago, some children were on their way to school.

One of these children was a little boy whose

name was Edward Everett. He was not yet four years old. He ran along by the side of his

sister, holding fast to her apron with one hand and carrying his primer in the other.

The primer was a very small book. It had blue covers and there were odd little pictures in it. Edward loved it dearly, for it was his only book, and he had already learned to read in it.

As the children walked along the road they now and then met strangers or persons older than themselves. They did not pass them as children now pass strangers. They stopped by the roadside, and "made their manners." The girls curtsied, and the boys bowed.

At the corner, where two roads crossed, they were surprised to meet their old friend Mr. Harris. They were glad to see him, for he was their minister. They bowed and curtsied; and the minister stopped and shook hands with them.

"I have something for little Edward," he said. "The teacher will soon be asking him to speak a piece at school. So I have written a little speech for him."

Then he took from his pocket a small sheet of paper on which some verses were written.

"Here, Edward," he said, "here it is. Take

it home with you, and your mother will help you to learn it. Then when the teacher asks you to do so, you can stand up in the school and speak it. I hope that when you become a grown-up man you will be an orator. An orator, you know, is a great speaker."

Edward thanked him and took the paper; and the children ran on to school.

The speech was not hard to learn, and the little boy soon knew it all. When the time came for him to speak it at school, both his mother and the minister were there to listen to him.

Everybody was pleased because he spoke so well. He pronounced every word very plainly, and was careful to speak every thought clearly, as though he were talking to his schoolmates.

Edward Everett lived to become a great orator, as the minister had hoped; and he never forgot his first speech. It was called "The Little Colt." In the next lesson you may read it for yourself.

EXPRESSION: Tell about Edward Everett. Show what took place on the road to school. Pronounce these words plainly: *ask, asking, asks; pass; fast.*

THE LITTLE COLT

Pray, how shall I, a little lad,
In speaking make a figure?
You're only joking, I'm afraid—
Just wait till I am bigger.

But since you wish to hear my part,
And urge me to begin it,
I'll strive for praise with all my heart,
Though small the hope to win it.

I'll tell a tale how Farmer John
A little roan colt bred, sir,

Which every night and every morn
He watered and he fed, sir.

Said Neighbor Joe to Farmer John,
"You surely are a dolt, sir,
To spend such time and care upon
A little useless colt, sir."

Said Farmer John to Neighbor Joe,
"I bring my little roan up
Not for the good he now can do,
But will do when he's grown up."

The moral you can plainly see,
To keep the tale from spoiling,
The little colt you think is me —
I know it by your smiling.

And now, my friends, please to excuse
My lisping and my stammers;
I, for this once, have done my best,
And so — I'll make my manners.

EXPRESSION: Speak the verses just as you think Edward Everett spoke them.

Pronounce these words very plainly: *just, best, since, once, urge, strive, lisping, stammers, useless.*

WHAT THE CLOCK SAID

admired	glass	break	world
pulled	fruit	broken	whole
rolled	truth	table	toward
nodded	heart	blame	beautiful

Dotty's mother once had a beautiful fruit dish which everybody admired.

It was made of glass and had lines of gold around it, with pretty blue and gold flowers on the sides. The children called it "mother's gold basket."

One day, after dinner, the fruit dish was left on the table in the dining room. Everybody had gone out of the room but Dotty and her black and white kitten.

The kitten was playing with a ball which Dotty had given her. She soon got tired of the ball and climbed upon the table.

"Come down! come down!" said Dotty. "You must not go near mother's gold basket."

The kitten would not come. She ran to the

other side of the basket and began to play with it.

"Come down!" said Dotty, again. Then she caught the kitten by the tail and pulled her off the table.

In some way the gold basket was knocked over. It rolled off the table. It fell to the floor and was broken in pieces.

The kitten was frightened and ran out of doors. Dotty stood by the table and looked at the broken dish on the floor.

"Who did that? What made it fall?" she said to herself.

Maybe the kitten had knocked it over. Maybe Dotty's arm had made it fall. Anyhow, she was sure that the fruit dish would not have been broken if she had not been so rough with the kitten.

The child did not know what to do. She stood so still that she could almost hear her heart beat.

"I'll tell mother that I did it; and I'll say I'm very sorry."

She took one step toward the door, and then stopped to look at the broken dish again.

"No; I'll tell her the kitten did it. I think it was the kitten — the naughty little thing!"

Then she heard the clock tick.

"Tick, tock! tell the truth! tick, tock! tell the truth!"

How very loud it ticked! And a fly that was walking on the table looked straight at her.

"Well, I guess I won't tell mother anything," she said. "I'll put the kitten in the room and shut the door. Then mother will think she did it."

She went as far as the door, and stopped to think again. The clock was ticking very loud.

"Tick, tock! don't do it — tick, tock! don't do it — tick, tock! don't do it."

Then Dotty thought that it said something else: "Don't do it — if you do 'twill be a lie — a lie, a lie — 'twill be a lie — a lie, a lie."

The child began to cry.

"Will it be a lie if I just shut the kitten in the room and leave her there?" she asked.

The fly on the table nodded his head. He didn't mean to say "yes," but Dotty thought that he did. And the clock ticked, "Yes, yes."

She put her foot down hard and said, "Well, I'll tell the truth."

"Yes, yes! tell the truth! tell the truth!" ticked the clock.

Then Dotty ran as fast as she could to her mother's room.

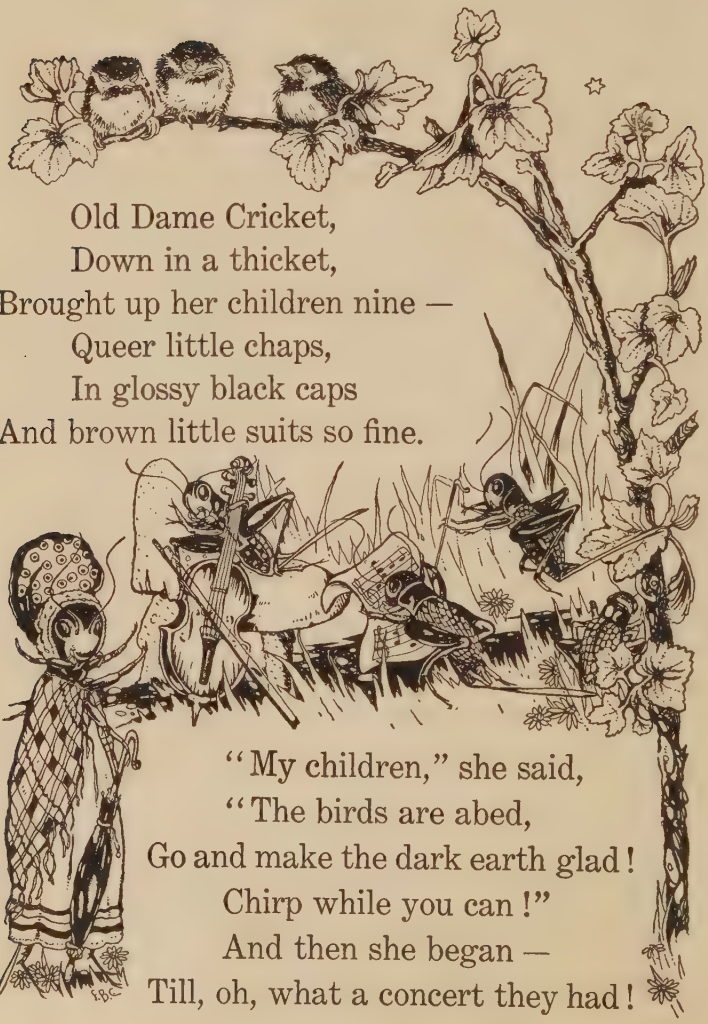
"O mother, I did it!" she cried. "The kitten wasn't to blame at all. I am very sorry, for I didn't mean to break your gold basket."

Her mother kissed her, and said that she knew all about it. She said that Dotty was a dear, brave girl to tell the whole truth, for truth is better than all the gold baskets in the world.

Expression: Tell what the clock said. Try to imitate its ticking. Tell what Dotty said.

Learn to speak these words plainly: *beautiful, world, truth, admired, glass, toward.*

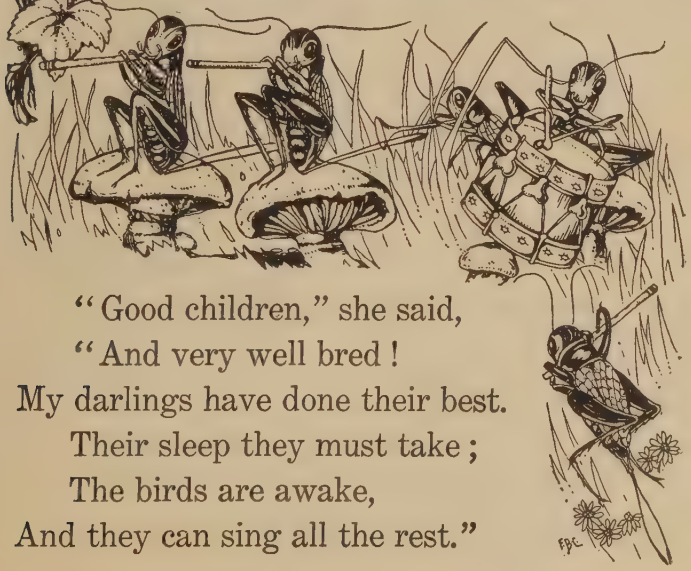
OLD DAME CRICKET



Old Dame Cricket,
Down in a thicket,
Brought up her children nine —
Queer little chaps,
In glossy black caps
And brown little suits so fine.

"My children," she said,
"The birds are abed,
Go and make the dark earth glad!
Chirp while you can!"
And then she began —
Till, oh, what a concert they had!

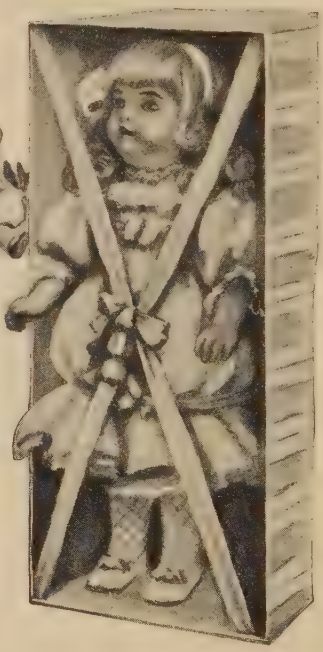
They hopped with delight,
They chirruped all night,
Singing, "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer!"
Old Dame Cricket,
Down in the thicket,
Sat awake till the dawn to hear.



"Good children," she said,
"And very well bred!
My darlings have done their best.
Their sleep they must take;
The birds are awake,
And they can sing all the rest."

THE STORY OF A DOLLY

dolly	already	pleasure
country	family	Atlantic
sorry	vessel	ocean
hardly	pleasant	geography



I came from the country of dolls.

A fine place that is! It is over the sea and far away. The big dolls and the little dolls and the tiny bits of dollies all live together in that country.

Most of the dolls in my old home were quite small; but some of them knew a great deal. A few could open and shut their eyes; and I once

saw some very fine dolls that had learned to walk quite well.

I knew one family that disturbed everybody near them. They were the crying dolls. I could never see any need of them, for there are little boys and girls who cry much better.

I have seen some of these boys and girls. They cry every day; and they often cry about nothing at all.

Do you wish to know how I came to be in this place? Well, I came over the sea in a ship.

The other dolls were sorry to part with me. Some of them shut their eyes, so they would not see me go. The crying dolls made a great noise; but I don't think they wept many tears.

The ship sailed and sailed, and the little fishes kept out of our way. But the big whales bumped their noses right against the vessel — at least, that is what one of the sailors told a little boy.

One day there was a great storm on the sea. Thunder, and lightning, and hail! The waves almost tipped the ship over. The winds blew and blew. At last the good vessel was driven upon a big rock and dashed in pieces.

All this while I was lying snug in my box. When the ship went to pieces, a huge, foaming wave carried the box ashore and left it, high and dry, on a sand bank.

The next day the sky was blue, the birds were singing, the winds were at rest. There was a crack in the side of the box, and I could look out. I could see the sun and the sky and the sandy beach.

I don't know how long I lay there all alone. One morning a little boy and girl came to the shore to play. The girl had a tin dipper to paddle with in the water.

"See me, Bessie!" said the boy. "I'm going to wade in the Atlantic Ocean."

"Atlantic Ocean! What's that? Where is it?" said Bessie.

"This great water, — right here," said the boy.

"Oh! I know better than that," said Bessie. "This great water is the sea. It doesn't look a bit like the Atlantic Ocean in sister's geography."

Just then some one called them, and they ran away. How I did wish that Bessie had seen my box!

The very next day I heard some steps on the sand. Then somebody picked up my box, and two bright eyes peeped into it through the crack. The eyes belonged to a little girl named Dora.

"O father!" she said. "See what I've found."

Then her father came, and they opened the box. When Dora took me in her hands, she hardly knew what to say. She turned me over and over. She stroked my hair, and felt of my shoes. Then she held me in her arms.

Dora was a happy little girl when she carried me home. She was almost always happy.

She kept me till she was old enough to wear long dresses, and then I was given to her little sister Mary.

Mary was sweet and pleasant, and as gentle as a violet. She wore blue ribbons in her hair. Her flower garden was a beautiful place. There were pinks in it, and red roses, and seven other kinds of flowers.

Did you ever see my mistress, my kind little Mary? She passes your door every day. It is that gentle-eyed child who carries a bunch of flowers in her hand. Her voice is sweet, and soft, and low. There is a smile upon her face, which comes from a loving heart.

If you do not already know this gentle child, I hope that you may very soon; for it is a pleasure to see her and hear her voice.

EXPRESSION: Be careful not to run two or more words together. Pronounce very clearly: *once saw; next day; just then; picked up; voice is sweet.*

Study these words: *need, deal; steps, felt, left; her, were.* Notice the *e* in each word.

Play that you are the dolly, and tell this story in your own words.

TWO LITTLE WHEELBARROWS

Major	different	uncle	wheelbarrow
soldier	trudged	trundle	usefulness

I

One day Rollo went with his father to a little shop that belonged to an old soldier called the Major.

There he saw a great many things, such as wagons and boxes and tools of different kinds.

But nothing pleased him quite so much as a little wheelbarrow which the Major had just finished making.

After he went home he could not think of anything else to talk about.

"I wish you would buy that wheelbarrow for me," he said to his father.

"We will talk with the Major about it some day," said his father.

About a week after that, Rollo's father said, "Now, let us go over and talk with the Major about that wheelbarrow."

"All right, father!" said Rollo, and he ran to get his hat. "I'm ready. Come on."

"But don't you think you can go alone?" asked his father. "Can you find the way yourself?"

"Oh, yes, father," said Rollo. "I know the way quite well."

"Then I need not go with you," said his father. "You can tell the Major to make you a wheelbarrow, and ask him how soon he can have it done."

Rollo clapped his hands. "How long do you think it will take the Major to make it, father?"

"Oh, you will learn that when you talk with him," said his father.

"Do you think it will be a week?"

"I think perhaps he can make it in less than a week."

"Well, how soon?"

"Wait, Rollo, till you get to the shop, and then ask the Major."

So Rollo set off alone to see about his wheelbarrow.

"You may stop at your uncle's," said his mother, "and see if your cousin James may go with you."

"Oh, I do hope he may!" said Rollo.

II

Rollo was very happy, and so was his cousin James. The two little fellows trudged along together towards the Major's shop, and all they could talk about was the beauty and usefulness of wheelbarrows.

James was not quite so old as Rollo, but he was just as tall. Rollo told him how he had been to the Major's with his father, and how

the Major had shown him the wheelbarrow that had just been finished.

"I wonder if I may see it, too, when we get to the shop," said James.

"No, I think not," said Rollo. "The Major said it was sold, and I guess its owner has taken it away by this time."

Soon they came in sight of the shop, and James cried out, "Oh, yes, there it is now! I see it standing by the door."

"That's not it," said Rollo. "That is a blue one."

"What color was the wheelbarrow you saw?" asked James.

"It was not any color. It was not painted at all. I wonder whose wheelbarrow that blue one can be?"

When the boys came to the shop they opened the door and went in. Nobody was there. The Major had gone out for something.

The boys looked around. There were a great many things scattered here and there — pieces of boards, bits of iron, and chips and shavings.

"It's a funny place, isn't it?" said Rollo.

On one side of the shop there was a long work bench, with tools of many kinds lying on it. Above the bench there were shelves and many other tools.

As the boys were looking around, they saw a second little wheelbarrow in a corner of the shop. It was like the one at the door, only it was painted green.

"Let us see which is the bigger," said James.

They went to the door and looked at the blue wheelbarrow. Rollo thought that it was a little bigger than the green one.

While they were looking and talking, the Major came in.

"Ah, boys," he said, "how do you do? Have you come after your wheelbarrow, Rollo?"

"Yes, sir," said Rollo. "How soon can you get it done?"

"Done? It is done now," said the Major. "How do you like it?" He took the blue wheelbarrow which was by the door, and set it down in the path.

"That isn't mine, is it?" said Rollo.

"Yes, your father spoke for it a week ago."

Rollo was so happy that he could not speak. He took hold of the wheelbarrow and began to push it along. He liked it very much.

James looked at Rollo. Then he looked back at the green wheelbarrow in the corner.

"It is very pretty," he said. "I wish that I had one like it."

"Come into the shop," said the Major. "I will show you another one."

They went in, and the Major set the green wheelbarrow out upon the floor. James took

hold of the handles and pushed it this way and that.

"I wonder whose wheelbarrow it is?" he said.

But before the Major could answer, who should come into the shop? It was James's father.

"Why, James," he said, "have you got your wheelbarrow already?"

"*My* wheelbarrow!" cried James. "Is it mine? Is it mine?"

"Yes," said his father. "I had it made for you. When I heard that Rollo was to have one, I told the Major to keep it till his was ready. I wanted both of you to get them at the same time. So now, boys, trundle them home."

Then the boys, with their wheelbarrows before them, set off on a run towards home.

EXPRESSION: Name all the persons in this story. Which do you like best? Why?

Tell all about the Major's shop. What things were in it? What kind of man was the Major?

Speak these words just as you think James spoke them: "*My wheelbarrow! Is it mine? Is it mine?*"

COLUMBUS

India	Spain	merchants	discovered
Indians	America	western	returned

There was once a sailor whose name was Columbus. He lived in a country far, far away, across the sea.

At that time most people thought the world to be flat. But Columbus said, "I know it is round. It is round like a ball."

Men laughed at him. They said, "It cannot be round." But he said, "If I had ships, I would prove that it is so."

Now there was a rich country in the far East which was called India.

Merchants sometimes brought beautiful and costly goods from India. They brought silks and pearls and gold and many wonderful things.

But India was far away, and only the bravest men dared to go there.

"I will find a new way to India," said Columbus to the king of Spain. "You say that it is east of us. If you will give me some ships, I will go to India by sailing west across the great ocean."

The king could hardly believe him. But at last he gave him three small ships.

With these ships Columbus sailed across the great western ocean which we call the Atlantic.

No other sailor had ever dared to do this.

Columbus said, "If the world is round, I can reach India by going west as well as by going

east. For India is just on the other side of the world from us."

The ships were on the ocean a long time. For weeks the sailors could not see any land. They began to be afraid.

But at last they came in sight of a beautiful island. As they drew nearer they saw that it was green with trees and grass ; and flowers and fruits were growing everywhere.

"This is India," said Columbus. "Did I not tell you that I would find a new way to India?"

Then some strange men and women were seen on the shore. They were looking at the ships. They were of a dark reddish color, and their hair was very long and black.

"These are some of the people of India," said Columbus. "They are Indians."

Columbus and his men stayed a little while at this place. Then they sailed on and discovered many other islands even more beautiful.

"All these are a part of India," said Columbus. "We must now sail back to Spain and tell the king about the wonderful things that we have seen."

So they returned across the great ocean, and soon everybody was talking of the strange lands which Columbus had discovered in the far, far West.

But these lands were not parts of India as he had supposed. They were parts of that great country which we call America. They were parts of that great country in which we live.

After Columbus had shown the way to America, many people came here to live.

They built houses, they cleared farms, they made new homes in what was till then a wild and strange land.

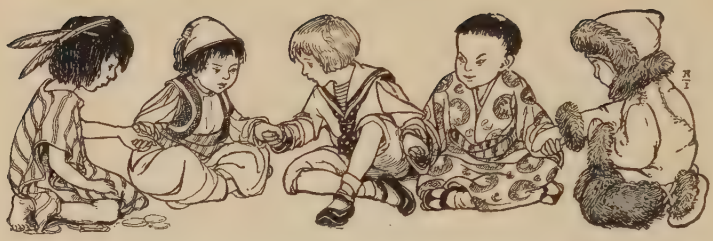
But Columbus did not live long enough to learn his mistake. He always believed that he had reached India by sailing across the great western ocean.

EXPRESSION: Find in the story five words that are names of people; five that are names of places.

What did Columbus say about the earth? What did he say he could do?

What did he say about the island? the people?

Study, spell, and pronounce these words: *Co lŭm'bus; In'dĭ a; At lan'tic; A mer'i ca; ō'cean; īs'land, be lieved'.*



FOREIGN CHILDREN

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine.
You must often, as you trod,
Have wished that you could be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN DOING?

What are the bright eyes watching
Under the Southern sun?
Oh, the roses fair in the balmy air,
And the vines that climb and run.

What are the bright eyes watching
Under the Northern sky?
Feathery snow, while the chill winds blow,
And the clouds go drifting by.

What are the children doing
Alike in the cold and the heat?
They are making life gay on the darkest day,
With the sound of their little feet.

What are the children learning
Alike in the East and the West?
That a Father's hand is o'er sea and land —
That of all things, Love is best.

THE CHILD AND THE WOLF

besides	wildly	pushed	scampered
bowl	plainly	tangled	rapped
stolen	forward	empty	searching

I do not remember the name of this child — but let us call her Dora. She was only a baby girl, and she lived in a cottage with her mother not far from some dark woods.

Her mother was very poor. All that she had, besides the cottage, was three cows. From the milk of these cows she made butter and cheese which she sold in the village.

One morning the mother went to drive the cows to the pasture which was a mile from the cottage. She left little Dora sitting upon the doorstep and eating her breakfast. The child

had a bowl of bread and milk, and a big wooden spoon to eat with.

When the mother came back, Dora was nowhere to be seen. The empty bowl was lying on the ground, but the wooden spoon was gone.

The woman ran here and there, calling wildly for the child. But no Dora answered. She was not in the garden; she was not in the barn. She could not be found.

At length the mother hurried to the village. She told her neighbors that her baby had been stolen; and soon a number of men and women were running to the fields and woods in search of the lost child.

It happened at that very time that a hunter was walking through one of the wildest parts of the woods. As he was passing near a tangled thicket he thought he heard a child's voice. He stopped and listened. Then he heard it plainly enough.

"Keep off, keep off, little doggies! Keep off, or I'll hit your noses," said the voice.

The hunter pushed his way through the

bushes, and soon saw what seemed to be the mouth of a cave under a rock. A baby girl was sitting on the ground, and five little wolf cubs were playing around her.

Now and then, as they ran near her, they would jump up and snap at her rosy cheeks.

But the child held a big wooden spoon in her hand, and when one of the cubs came too near she rapped it on the nose.

"Keep off! Keep off! Didn't Dora tell you she'd hit you?"

The hunter rushed forward and caught up

Dora in his arms, while the frightened cubs scampered away into the cave. He feared that the old wolf would soon come, and so he hurried out of the woods as quickly as he could.

Just as he reached the safe, open road, he met Dora's mother and her neighbors who were searching for the child. How glad they were to see her alive and unhurt! She had fallen asleep in the hunter's arms, but she still held fast in her hand the big wooden spoon.

Her mother awoke her with glad cries and loving kisses. "Oh, where have you been, my darling?" she asked.

Dora held out her arms and answered, "Please, mamma, give Dora more bread and milk! Big dog wouldn't let Dora eat her breakfast — carried Dora far, far away."

EXPRESSION: Say what Dora said to the little wolves, and imitate her manner as nearly as you can.

Repeat, "*Oh, where have you been, my darling?*" and speak it as you think the mother spoke.

Repeat Dora's answer at the end of the story.

Study these words: *drive, wild'est, fright'ened; milk, vil'lage, sit'ting; girl, squir'rel.* Notice the sound of *i* in each word.

A CHILD OF THE DESERT

Hassan	travel	plenty
Arabia	camel	desert
arrows	oddly	covered
thousand	pasture	although

Far away, on the other side of the sea, there are many strange countries where strange people have their homes.

In all these countries there are children who play, and work, and learn, in ways that would seem very strange to you.

Here is one of those children. His name is Hassan, and he lives in a country called Arabia. Is he not a strange-looking boy? And is he not oddly dressed? Let us speak to him.

Good morning, Hassan! Won't you tell us something about your home and your country?

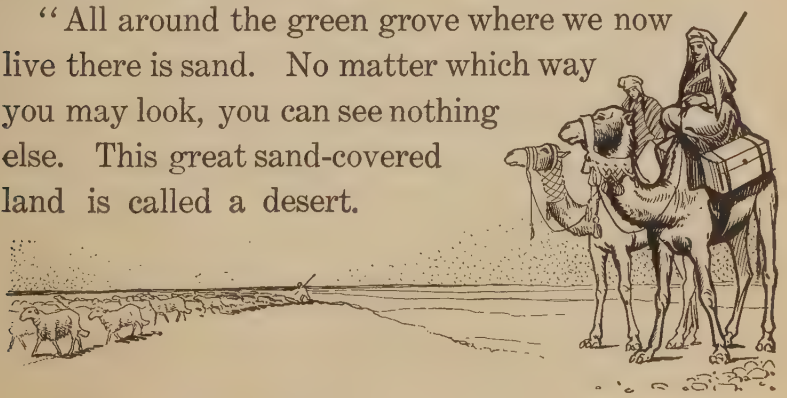
Hassan answers: "I don't know much about my country; but father says that it is very large, and that it would take many days to travel from one end of it to the other.

"My home, just now, is in a pleasant grove where there is a great spring of water, and plenty of green grass for our sheep and camels.

"I have always lived in a tent; and I wonder that any one can like to be shut up in a house.

"We never stay very long in one place. In a few weeks the grass will be eaten quite short by the sheep, and then we shall move to a new pasture far away.

"All around the green grove where we now live there is sand. No matter which way you may look, you can see nothing else. This great sand-covered land is called a desert.



"We shall have to travel over the desert for miles and miles before we come to another green spot where there are trees and water and grass. But father knows the way.

"Although I am only a little boy, I am always busy. I watch the sheep while they are feeding in the pastures. There are more than a thousand, and I must see that none of them stray away.

"But I have a good deal of time to play. I often play ball with some other boys who live near us; and we have fine sport, running and jumping and shooting with our bows and arrows.

"I have a beautiful colt which father gave to me; and as soon as it is large enough I shall learn to ride it.

"Father says that the finest horses in the world are raised in Arabia.

"Do I go to school? Oh, no, how could I? There are no schools in the desert. But father teaches me many things.

"Ah! I hear him calling me now, and I must not stay to tell you anything more. Good-by!"

Good-by, Hassan!

A LITTLE HISTORY

I. The Story of Leaping Deer

chief	canoe	whether	whispered
beach	wigwam	center	handsome
scarce	shellfish	visit	friendly

[Here is a little Indian boy with his bow and arrow. He looks as if he wished to tell us something. Let us listen to what he is saying.]

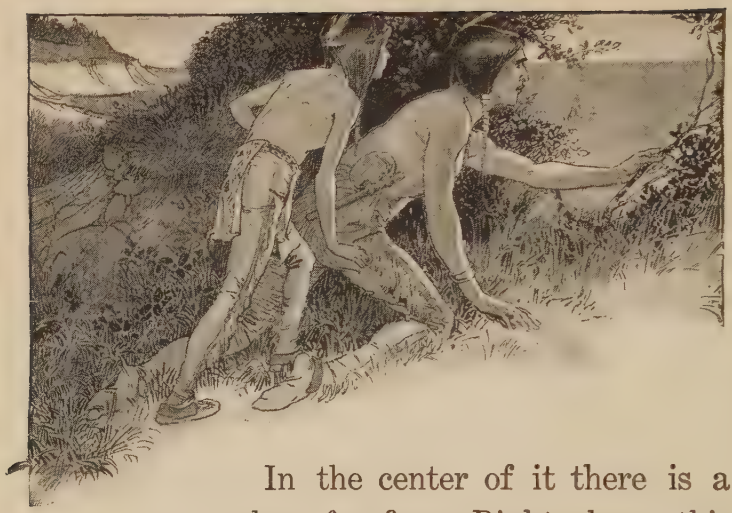
Do you wish to know my real name? You would think it hard to speak; and so I need not tell it. My mother calls me Leaping Deer.

I live in the green woods, not far from the Big Sea Water which you call the ocean.

My father is a brave chief; and I shall be a brave chief, too, when I grow up.

The house in which I live is called a wigwam. My mother built it of slender poles and the branches of trees, and pieces of bark.

There is only one room in it, but that is large enough for our needs.



In the center of it there is a place for fire. Right above this there is a hole, where the smoke can go out.

One day, nearly a year ago, I went down to the seashore with father and one of my uncles. We went there to look for shellfish; for game in the woods was scarce, and we had no meat.

While I was walking along the beach, I looked out upon the Big Sea Water; and what do you think I saw?

I saw a great white thing moving over the waves. It looked a little like a very large bird swimming on the water.

We hid ourselves among the trees.

"What is it, father?" I whispered.

"It is the white man's canoe," he answered. "It is a ship. There are many white people on it. If you will look carefully you can see them."

We stayed in our hiding place and watched. The big canoe came nearer and nearer to the shore. What a wonderful thing it was!

Father has a fine canoe which he made from a log. It will carry ten men. But this great ship seemed a hundred times bigger.

We kept ourselves hidden among the trees until the ship stopped a little way from the shore.

We could see the white men running about on her. They pulled her sails down, and then threw out ropes to keep her from moving away.

We saw some women on board, too, — and several little white-faced boys and girls. We wondered why they had come to our country.

We watched them till the sun had set and it was growing dark; and then we went home.

After that, my father, or some of his men, went down to the shore every day to see what the white people were doing.

These people seemed to be looking for a good place where they could make their homes.

At last they found a pleasant spot where there was a big spring of fresh water. We Indians once had a village there.

Soon the white men began to build some big wigwams near the spring. They called these wigwams houses; and they built them of heavy logs, laid one on the top of another.

There were two rows of these houses, with a road or street between them.

"It looks as though they had come to make their homes here," said father.

Up to this time the women and children had stayed on the ship. But one cold day, at the beginning of winter, they all came ashore.

They brought a great many strange things from the ship. Then they built fires in their houses, and seemed to be very much pleased.

Father did not know whether to be pleased or not. Yet he did not say much.

One day he dressed himself in his finest furs. He hung some strings of beads around his neck. He put on his crown of eagles' feathers. Then he went boldly down to the white men's village.

How brave and handsome he looked as he walked between the two rows of houses! He offered his hand to every man, and said, "Welcome, white men, welcome!"

The white people were friendly. They led him into one of their houses, and all smoked the pipe of peace with him. When he came home, he said to me, "Leaping Deer, you need not be afraid of those strangers. They are our friends."

After that, I often went with him to visit the village by the big spring.

Expression: Read the paragraphs which tell about Leaping Deer's house; about the white men's houses.

Try to draw a picture of the father in his fine dress.

Study these words: *they, that, though, their, these; father, other, mother.* Notice the sound of *th.* Find other words containing these letters.

II. The Little Pilgrim

Grace	perhaps	voyage	hammock
England	really	village	clothes
Pilgrim	beyond	savage	Plymouth

[This is the story of one of the children whom Leaping Deer saw in the white man's village:]

My name is Grace. I once lived in England, far, far across the sea. Would you like to know how I came to this great land of America?

My father and mother are called Pilgrims. I do not understand why they are called by this name, but perhaps when I grow older I shall know. I call myself a little Pilgrim.

My father and many of his friends were very unhappy in England. They said that the king was unkind to them; and they said many other things which I am not old enough to know much about.

"If we were only in America," said my father, "we could make our own laws, and the king would let us alone."

"Yes, if we were in America, we should be free to do the things which we think are right," said one of his friends.

When I asked my father what it was that he called America, he said it was a wild, new country beyond the sea.

"It is so far that it takes a month for a ship to sail to it. The only people who live there are savage red people who have their homes in the woods."

"Would you like to go there?" I asked.

"Most surely, my child," he said.

Not long after this, we learned that some Pilgrim friends were really going to America. Indeed, a ship was waiting for them, and a day was set for it to sail.

"How glad I am!" said father. "We must get ready and go with them."

What a busy time it was then! Mother packed our clothes and many other things in a big wooden box. Father put his books in a smaller box.

When the day came for the sailing, we all went on board the ship. It was not a very big ship, and its name was the *Mayflower*.

There were a hundred people on board — men, women, and children. The sea was rough. The ship was tossed about by the waves. Soon nearly all the children were sick.

I lay in a hammock, day after day, and did not care to move or speak. What a dreadful time it was — the sea roaring, the wind blowing, and the ship pitching this way and that!

I don't know how long we were in crossing the sea, but it must have been more than a month.

At last, one chilly morning, my mother carried me out upon the deck. The sun was shining, and the water was smooth.

"Look there, Grace," she said. "See the beautiful land! There is America at last."

I looked and saw, not far away, a low, sandy shore with green pine trees just beyond it. Oh, how pleasant it seemed after our long voyage!

All of our people who were well enough to do so had come out upon the deck to see the welcome sight. The children clapped their hands, and some of them cried for joy.

"Now we shall soon be out of this dreadful old ship," I said.

"All in good time," said father. "We must first find a good landing place and a pleasant spot for our new homes."

And so it was. The ship was stopped at some distance from the land. Then some of the men went out to look for a good place to build a village.

Day after day passed, and then they came back with good news.

"We have found a pleasant place where there is a spring of fresh water," they said. "There is also some cleared land near by, where the red men have had fields of grain."

"It is the place which Captain John Smith visited not long ago," said one. "He gave it the name of Plymouth."

"Indeed, that is a good name," said my father; "for the last place which we saw in England is also called Plymouth."

So, our new home was found at last; but still it seemed a long time before we could leave the ship.

The men went on shore every day. They cut down trees. With the logs they built two rows of houses with a street between.

Then, one day, we were all taken ashore. How happy we were!

But the weather was cold. Snow lay on the ground. The air was full of flying frost. Many of the women and children were sick.

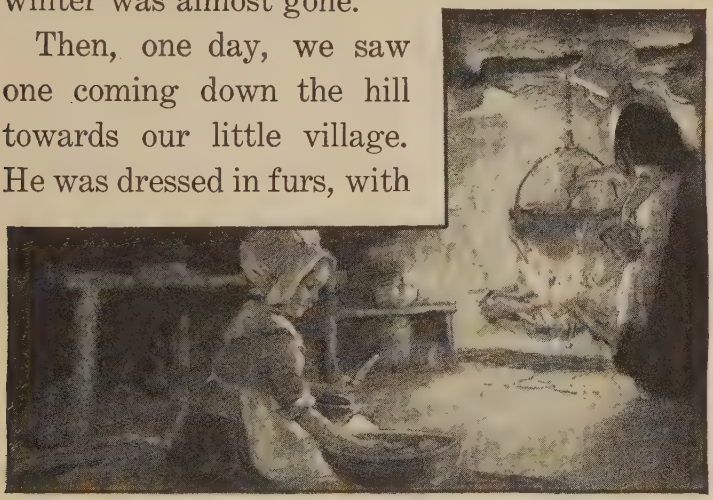
Our house was not a fine one, but it was better than the ship. It was our home, and we loved it.

There was a wide fireplace at one end, and a chimney of stones and clay. All day long, a fine fire was blazing on the hearth. But the cold wind and the snow would come in.

We knew that there were red men not far

away; but we did not see any of them until the winter was almost gone.

Then, one day, we saw one coming down the hill towards our little village. He was dressed in furs, with



a long feather in his hair. He looked very funny and also very savage.

He came boldly down the street and cried out, "Welcome, white men, welcome!"

These were all the English words that he knew, but they were very pleasant to us. We knew that he would be our friend, and that we had nothing to fear.

EXPRESSION: Study these words: *feather, weather, ready, pleasant, dreadful.*

Learn to pronounce: *Eng'land, Pil'grim, Plym'outh.*

III. A Famous Feast

maize	blossom	threads	gathered
square	bottom	vegetables	feasted
sprout	turkey	tassels	thanksgiving

[Here is a letter from one of the Pilgrim boys to his cousin in England :]

My Dear Cousin: —

We had a very pleasant time in our village of Plymouth last week. I am sure I shall not soon forget it, for in all my life I never had so many good things. I will tell you how it was.

You must know that it was winter when we landed from the ship. The weather was cold, and we did not have much food laid up.

It seemed as though the winter would never end. But at last spring came, and the days were warm and pleasant.

The red men have a kind of grain which

they call maize; but we call it Indian corn. They gave us some of this grain and told us how to plant it.

We dug up the ground and stirred it well. Then we dug a hole six inches square and as many inches deep, and at the bottom we laid a dead fish. We covered the fish an inch deep with fine soil. On top of this we planted five or six grains of Indian corn.

The next day there was a warm rain, and all of us wondered if the grains would sprout and grow. In about ten days green leaves shot up where the grains had been planted. After these, the stalks began to grow, and more leaves sprang out from each stalk.

How fast the stalks grew! Soon they were higher than our heads. Then strange blossoms grew at the top of each stalk — tassels, we called them. About midway of the stalk there was another kind of blossom which looked like long, yellow threads. We called this the silk.

Soon, where the silk grew, an ear of corn began to form. It ripened, and when we gathered it, we counted sixteen rows of yellow

grains. Each grain is a little larger than a pea, and it is somewhat flat.

The red men showed us how to cook this corn. I am sure there never was a better food.

Everything in our gardens and fields grew well and ripened. We gathered so many vegetables and so much corn that we shall not lack for food this coming winter.

"We have been greatly blessed," said our minister. "We ought to thank the Giver of all good things for His many mercies."

So a day was set for a great Thanksgiving in which all our people should take part.

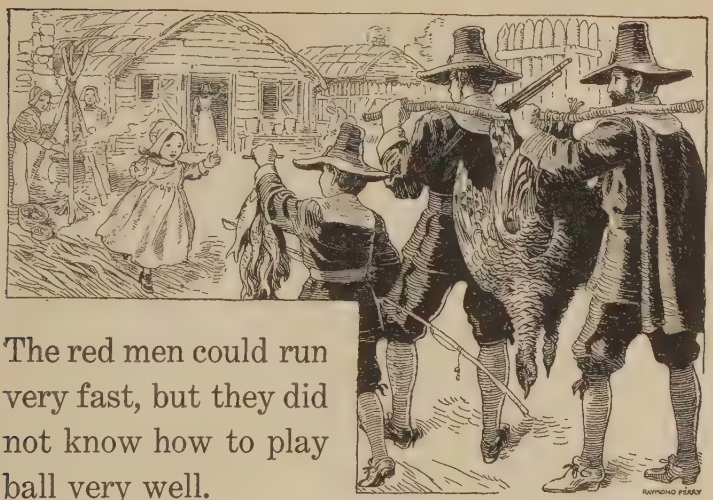
We were to have a fine dinner; and soon all our mothers were busy cooking bread and cakes and garden vegetables.

Some of the men went hunting and brought home a fat deer and a dozen big turkeys.

We boys went fishing, and we had great luck; for we caught more fish than we could carry home.

When the day came there was no lack of good things for dinner. Several red men came and ate with us and seemed just as happy as we.

Then we had games of ball and foot races.



The red men could run very fast, but they did not know how to play ball very well.

We were all so happy that we feasted and gave thanks for three days. And that was the pleasant time which I spoke of in the beginning of this letter.

I hope that we shall be prospered again, next year, so that we may have another Thanksgiving feast.

Your cousin, EDWARD.

EXPRESSION : One of the girls may play that she is Grace. Tell about the voyage to America.

One of the boys may play that he is Edward. Tell about the corn ; about the hunting ; about the great feast.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Pies of pumpkin, apple, mince,
Jams and jellies, peach and quince,
Purple grapes and apples red,
Cakes and nuts and gingerbread —
That's Thanksgiving.

Turkey ! Oh, a great big fellow !
Fruits all ripe and rich and mellow,
Everything that's nice to eat,
More than I can now repeat —
That's Thanksgiving.

Lots and lots of jolly fun,
Games to play and races run,
All as happy as can be —
For this happiness you can see
Makes Thanksgiving.

We must thank the One who gave
All the good things that we have :
That is why we keep the day
Set aside, our mothers say,
For Thanksgiving.

THANKFULNESS

I thank thee, Father, great and good,
For this dear home so warm and bright;
I thank thee for the sunny day,
And for the sleepy, starry night.

I thank thee for my father's arms,
So big and strong, to hold me near;
I thank thee for my mother's face,
For brothers strong and sisters dear.

I thank thee for the little birds
That sing so sweetly in the trees;
I thank thee for the rain and snow,
And for the gentle evening breeze.

O Father, giver of all that's good,
Hear me on this Thanksgiving Day.
And read the thanks I do not speak,
The "Thank yous" I forget to say.

EXPRESSION: Which poem do you prefer? Why? Memorize it and speak it. Try to name some other things for which to give thanks.

THE PANIC OF THE BEASTS

leaped	suppose	fleetest	tigers
joined	panic	deer	buffaloes
front	forest	bears	elephants

Once upon a time, a gray rabbit had its home in a forest near the shore of a lake. As this rabbit was eating his breakfast one day, he said to himself, "Suppose the sky should fall! What would become of me then?"

Just as he said this, he heard a great noise behind him. It sounded like something falling into the water.

"There! there! The sky is falling now," cried the rabbit; and with that he began to run very fast through the forest.

One of his friends saw him and called out, "What's the matter? Why do you run?"

But the first rabbit only answered, "Don't ask me!" and kept on running.

This frightened the second rabbit; and so he leaped out and ran after his friend.

Several young rabbits saw the two older

ones running, and called out, "What now? What's the matter?"

"The sky is falling!" shouted the first rabbit, never looking behind him.

So all the young rabbits joined in the flight, each running as fast as he could.

A red deer that was feeding with some of its friends saw them and cried out, "What has happened? Why are you frightened?"

And the leader of the running rabbits shouted back, "The sky is falling!"

Then one deer after another joined in the wild flight. Other animals became frightened in the same way — buffaloes, bears, tigers, and even elephants. Soon all the beasts in the forest were running. It was, indeed, a wild panic.

A wise old lion that was sitting at the door of his den heard the roaring of the frightened animals. He jumped up and ran to a narrow mountain pass near the shore of the sea. There he saw the beasts coming — the fleetest in front and the rest close behind.

He stood in the pass and roared so loudly that every one stopped and stood still.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"The sky is falling," said some.

"Who saw it falling?"

"Ask the elephants. They know."

So he asked the elephants, "Did you see the sky falling?"

"Oh, no! but the tigers did. Ask them."

He asked the tigers.

"No, we didn't see it. But the bears know, and they will tell you all about it."

He asked the bears.

"No, we saw nothing; but we heard the deer running. They saw it."

He asked the deer.

"Oh, no! but the rabbits told us, and so we were frightened and ran."

Then he asked the rabbits, and they all pointed to their leader and said, "He told us. He knows all about it."

The lion called the rabbit to him and asked, "Is it true that you saw the sky falling?"

"Well, no; I didn't see it, but I heard it very plainly." His voice trembled as he spoke.

"Where were you when you heard it?"

"I was near the lake, sir. I was eating my breakfast, and I thought to myself, 'What would become of me if the sky should fall?' And just then I heard a great splashing in the water, and I was sure the sky was falling. I didn't stop to look, but I ran to save my life."

"Well," said the lion, "I should like to see the piece of the sky that fell. Come and show me the place."

"Oh, sir, I dare not," said the rabbit.

"Come, you shall not be hurt," said the lion.

So they went back to the spot where the rabbit was standing when the noise was heard.

"Why! why! What is this?" said the lion. "This is not a piece of the sky. It is only the dead branch of an oak tree that has fallen into the water.

"But it made a frightful noise," said the rabbit; "and I didn't stop to look."

"You were very foolish," answered the lion. "Had it not been for me, all the beasts in the world would have rushed into the sea — and only because you didn't stop to look."

EXPRESSION: Read the title. What is a panic? What beasts were in the panic? Read the first paragraph. What does it tell about? Read how the panic began; how it grew; how it ended.

Why was the gray rabbit frightened? Was it wise? Why were the other animals frightened?

One of the boys may play that he is the lion. What does he say to the other animals? How does each one answer?

Pronounce plainly: *hopping, something, falling, running; noise, voice, joined; beasts coming; fleetest in front; once upon a time.*

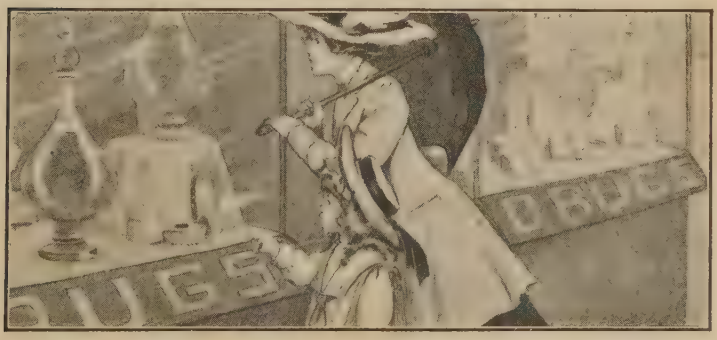
THE STORY OF ROSAMOND

I. The Beautiful Jar

worn	slowly	flowerpot	neither
worse	pleasantly	Rosamond	purple

Rosamond was about seven years old.

One day she was walking on the street with



her mother. As she went along, she looked at the pretty things in the store windows.

They passed a toy shop, and she said, "Oh, mother, see there! how I should like to have all those toys!"

"Would you like to have all of them?" asked her mother.

"Oh, yes, all of them," answered Rosamond.

It was so with many other windows. Rosamond wanted to have everything that she saw.

At last they came to a window which seemed far more beautiful than any other. It was the window of a drug store, but Rosamond did not know it.

"Oh, mother!" she cried. "See there! Blue, green, red, yellow, and purple! Do you see those beautiful jars? I wish you would buy one of them for me."

"What would you do with it?" said her mother.

"I could put flowers in it."

"But you have a flowerpot and perhaps if you had this purple jar, you would not like it."

"Yes, I should," said Rosamond; and she kept looking at the purple jar. "But perhaps, mother, you have no money."

"I have a little money," said her mother.

"Well, if I had money, I would buy roses, and balls, and hoops, and purple flowerpots, and many other pretty things."

Her mother did not say anything, and they went on.

II. The New Shoes

Soon Rosamond said, "Oh, mother, please stop a minute. There is a stone in my shoe."

"How came there a stone in your shoe?"

"Why, mother, there is a hole in my shoe! My shoes are quite worn out. I wish you would buy me a new pair."

"But, Rosamond," said her mother, "I have not money enough to buy you shoes, and purple flowerpots, and balls, and everything else."

In a little while they came to another window.

"There, there, mother!" said Rosamond. "This is a shoe store! You know that I need shoes very much."

"So you do," said her mother.

They went into the store. Rosamond looked around. "Oh, here is a pair of shoes that will just fit me," she said.

"Perhaps so," said her mother. "But we cannot be sure till you have tried them on. Neither am I sure you will like the purple jar."

"Well, I am not sure about the shoes," said Rosamond; "but I do really want the jar."

"Which would you rather have?" said her mother. "Which would you rather have, the shoes or the jar? I will buy either for you."

"Oh, mother, if you would only buy both!"

"No, Rosamond, I cannot buy both."

"Well, then, I would rather have the jar."

"But I must tell you that if I buy the jar I cannot give you a pair of shoes this month."

"That is a long time," said Rosamond; "but then, I think I can wait. Don't you think I can, mother?"

"I want you to judge for yourself, Rosamond," said her mother.

"Well, then," said the little girl, "I will take the purple flowerpot, and wait for the shoes."

"Very well," said her mother. "Let us go back and buy the jar."

III. The Flowerpot

Rosamond was much pleased when she heard her mother ask the man in the drug store to send home the purple jar.

As soon as they reached home, she ran into the garden to pick all the flowers she could find.

When the jar came and was put on the table, she ran to it and clapped her hands for joy. She was very happy.

"Oh, mother," she said, when she had opened

it, "there is something dark in the jar. What is it? I didn't want this black stuff!"

"Nor did I," said her mother.

"What is it? What shall I do with it?"

"It is colored water, and before you can put your flowers into the jar, you will have to pour it out and fill the jar with clear water."

Rosamond did so. But the jar was no longer purple. It was plain glass, like other jars.

The little girl was in great trouble. "Mother," she said, "I will give back the jar and all if you will only buy me the shoes."

But her mother said, "No; the best thing that you can do is to bear it all pleasantly, for this time you have had your own way."

"I will bear it as well as I can," said Rosamond; and she began to fill the jar with flowers.

Every day her shoes became worse and worse. She could not run, she could not jump. It was a month before she could have new ones.

"I am sure," she said — "no, I am not quite sure, but I hope that I shall be wiser after this."

EXPRESSION: Repeat this story in your own words.

BAKING THE JOHNNY-CAKE

barrel ached minute pleasantly

Little Sarah stood by her grandmother's bed,
"Now, what shall I get for your breakfast?"
she said.
"You may get me a johnny-cake. Quickly go
make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it."

So Sarah went to the closet to see
If yet any meal in the barrel might be.
The barrel had long been as empty as wind,
And not a speck of corn meal could she find.
But grandmother's johnny-cake, still she must make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it.

She ran to the store, but the storekeeper said,
"I have none. You must go to the miller, fair maid,
For he has a mill, and he'll put the corn in it,
And grind you some nice yellow meal in a minute.
Now run, or the johnny-cake, how will you make it,
In one minute mix, in two minutes bake it?"

Then Sarah she ran every step of the way,
But the miller said, "No, I have no meal to-day.
Run, quick, to the cornfield, just over the hill,
And if any corn's there, you may fetch it to mill.
Run, run, or the johnny-cake, how will you make it,
In one minute mix, in two minutes bake it?"

She ran to the cornfield — the corn had not grown,
Though the sun in the blue sky pleasantly shone.
"Pretty sun," cried the maiden, "please make the corn grow."
"Pretty maid," the sun answered, "I cannot do so."
"Then grandmother's johnny-cake, how shall I make it,
In one minute mix, in two minutes bake it?"

But Sarah looked round, and she saw what was wanted;
The corn could not grow, for no corn had been planted.
She asked of the farmer to sow her some grain,
But the farmer laughed till his sides ached again.
"Ho! ho! for the johnny-cake, how can you make it,
In one minute mix, in two minutes bake it?"

The farmer he laughed, and he laughed very loud —
"And how can I plant till the land has been plowed?

Run, run to the plowman, and bring him with speed ;
He'll plow up the ground and I'll fill it with seed."
Away, then, ran Sarah, still hoping to make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it.

The plowman he plowed, and the grain it was sown,
And the sun shed his rays till the corn was all grown.
It was ground at the mill, and again at her bed
These words to kind Sarah the grandmother said,
"Please get me a johnny-cake — quickly go make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it."

THE FAIRY BIRD

I

crumbs shelter expect fluttered pleasure
cozy helpless present beneath creature

Dicky Sparrow did not think it worth while to go to the South when winter came. The bluebirds and the robins had gone early, but Dicky stayed behind with the chickadees and tried not to mind the cold weather.

He did very well for a time. He flew from one dooryard to another, picking up the crumbs that had been thrown out; and at night he slept in a cozy corner under the eaves of a pretty cottage.

One day, however, there came a great storm. Poor Dicky was blown here and there by the wind, and he could not find the safe shelter that had been his home.

All night long he clung to an icy twig under the branches of a chestnut tree. In the morning he could see nothing but snow and ice, and bare trees shivering in the wind.

What now will become of the poor little bird? He tried to fly, but his wings were stiff with

cold. He fluttered out of the tree; he kept himself up for a little while, and then fell helpless into the snow-covered road.

Just then three little girls happened to be passing that way. They were very happy; for to-morrow would be Christmas, and they were talking about it.

"I hope I shall get a great many presents," said the one whose name was Bessie. "Mother will give me a new doll, and father will give me a book, and Santa Claus will give me ever so many things."

"Well, I don't expect much," said Mary; "but I am quite sure that I shall get a new dress and some gloves."

The other girl, whose name was Grace, was silent for a while. Then she said, "Santa Claus doesn't come to our house, and mother can't spare the money to buy presents for me. So I don't expect to get anything."

"Oh, that is too bad!" said Bessie. "Don't you wish that some little bird would fly down and bring you a bag full of gold? That's the way they do in fairy stories."

Both the other girls laughed, and Grace said, "No, I don't wish that, for it can never happen. But I do wish that I had a little money."

"Then you could buy yourself a Christmas present, couldn't you?" said Mary.

"Well, no," answered Grace, "but I should like to have enough to buy some coal and a warm cloak for mother. Then, if there was enough left, I would buy brother Tom a pair of shoes."

"Well, my father buys all those things for us," said Bessie; "and he gives me money to buy presents for other people."

Grace turned her face away, and the tears came into her eyes, as she said, "I am glad that to-morrow will be Christmas, for so many people will be happy then."

Just then Bessie saw Dicky Sparrow lying as if dead in the middle of the road. "See! What's that?" she cried.

"Oh, it's only a dead bird," said Mary.

"It's your fairy bird, Grace," said Bessie; "but where is your bag of gold?"

Grace knelt down in the snow and took the

little creature up in her hands. Dicky's eyes were closed; his feet and wings were stiff with cold; he had not life enough to stir. But his body was still warm, and Grace felt his little heart beating beneath his wing.

"Oh, it's alive! it's alive!" she cried; and

she held the bird close in her warm hands and was soon delighted to see him open his eyes.

"It's nothing but one of those ugly sparrows," said Bessie. "They can't sing. They do nothing but chirp."

"Come along, Grace. I wouldn't bother with a dead sparrow," said Mary.

But Grace still held the poor bird in her hands.

"It's my bird," she said. "It's my Christmas present; and I am going to take care of it."

"What a funny girl you are!" said Bessie.

II

Grace wiped the tears from her eyes and went on alone to the little cottage that was her home. She ran into the room where her mother was sitting, and showed her the little half-frozen bird.

"See what a fine Christmas present I have found!" she cried.

Her mother looked at the sparrow, and her eyes were full of pity. "Poor little thing!" she said. "We will make it a soft nest in my work basket, and set it in a warm place. Perhaps it will live and be a joy to us."

In a little while Dicky Sparrow raised his head and looked around. His wings were no longer stiff; his feet were no longer cold. But he was very hungry, and he began to chirp.

Grace brought him some crumbs, but he was afraid of her and would not eat.

"How nice it would be if your bird were a

fairy and would give us three wishes," said her mother. "We might have a merry Christmas."

"Yes," said Grace, "but he is only a common bird. He can't give us anything."

"He can give you one thing," answered her mother. "He can give you the pleasure of doing good to a harmless, helpless little creature."

"Yes, and I'm so happy that we shall have him with us on Christmas day," said Tom.

Dicky Sparrow had listened to all that was said. Perhaps he did not understand every word; but he felt quite sure that he was with friends. He stood up and pecked at the crumbs.

When he had eaten them all, he hopped around the basket and seemed as well and strong as ever. He looked so cheery and chirped so loudly that he seemed to be saying, "Merry Christmas! Three wishes! Three wishes!"

III

Grace and her mother and little Tom went to bed quite early that night. But the children did not forget to hang up their stockings by the fireplace. "Perhaps Santa Claus will remember us and leave us some little thing," they said.

Now, was it Santa Claus or was it Farmer Brown who drove up to the cottage early on Christmas morning, before the children were

awake? His sled was loaded with good things, and he moved so silently that only the mother heard him.

Grace slept soundly till the ringing of the Christmas church bells wakened her. Then she sprang up with a start, and saw that it was broad daylight.

She dressed herself quickly and hurried into

the kitchen. But at the door she gave a loud cry of surprise. Little Tom came running to see what was the matter, and the mother, with smiling, happy face, looked into the room.

The stockings were full of little presents. A basket filled with apples and other good things to eat was on the table; and close by it were some shoes for Tom, a cloak for mother, a winter hat for Grace, and a five-dollar bill to buy coal.

"Was it Santa Claus?" asked Tom.

"I do believe that the bird is a fairy bird," said Grace; "for now we have our three wishes, and more, too."

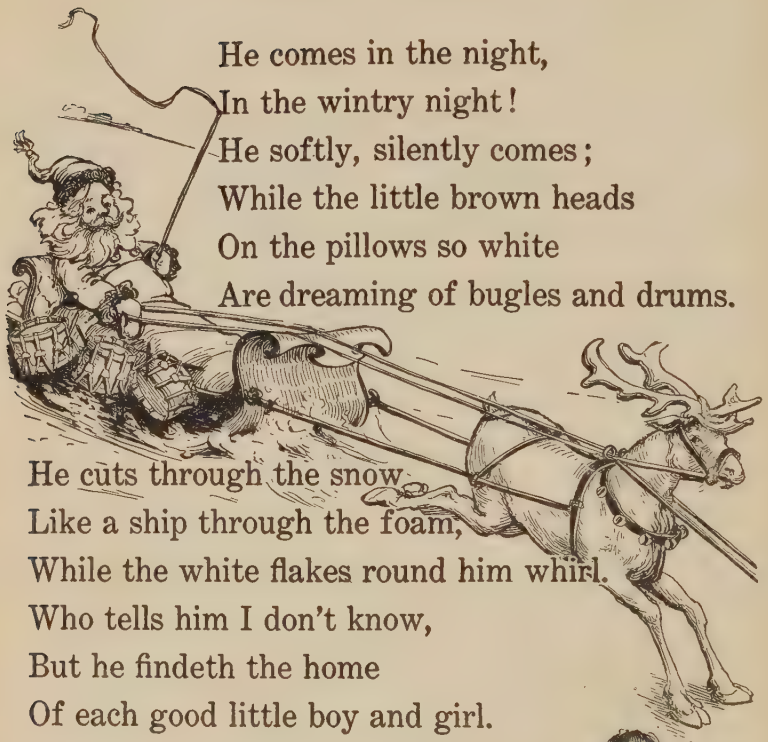
And all this time Dicky Sparrow was hopping around in his basket and trying his best to say, "Farmer Brown! Farmer Brown!"

And Farmer Brown sat by his fireside at home, and rubbed his hands together and smiled. "It's a very merry Christmas!" he said.

EXPRESSION: Practice speaking these words: *chirp, church, chestnut, children; chirped, pecked, hopped, laughed.*

Memorize and speak the poem, "He Prayeth Best," p. 249.

SANTA CLAUS



He comes in the night,
In the wintry night!
He softly, silently comes;
While the little brown heads
On the pillows so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.

He cuts through the snow
Like a ship through the foam,
While the white flakes round him whirl.
Who tells him I don't know,
But he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long,
And deep and wide;
It will carry all sorts of things,
While dozens of drums
Hang over the side,
With the sticks sticking under the strings.

And yet not the sound
Of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown.
As he mounts to the roof
Like a flying bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings
He quietly fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds
For the great snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.

Then Santa Claus mounts
To the roof like a bird,
And glides to his seat in the sleigh.
Not the sound of a bugle
Or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away.

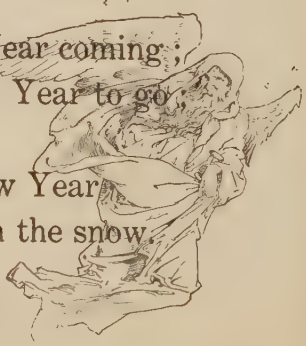
THE NEW YEAR

gifts	drear	sphere	scatters
beautiful	beard	weary	footsteps

There's a New Year coming, coming
Out of some beautiful sphere;
His baby eyes are bright
With hope and delight; —
We welcome you, happy New Year.

There's an Old Year going, going
Away in the winter drear;
His beard is like snow
And his footsteps are slow;
Good-by to you, weary Old Year.

There is always a New Year coming;
There is always an Old Year to go;
And never a tear
Drops the happy New Year
As he scatters his gifts in the snow.



EXPRESSION: Memorize this poem.
Learn also the poem on page 246.

THE NEW SCHOLAR

notice	trembling	offered	juicy
scholar	shrinking	vacant	timid

One cold winter morning, many years ago, a number of boys and girls were standing around the stove in a little country schoolhouse. It was still early, and the teacher had told them not to go to their seats until they were quite warm.

They talked and laughed and took but little notice of a new scholar who stood apart from the rest. Now and then they cast side glances toward her, and one or two stared rudely; but nobody spoke to her.

It was the little girl's first day at school, and she was very homesick. She wished she was with her mother and could have a good cry. A tear was trembling in her eye; but it did not fall, for just then something happened.

All at once the schoolroom door flew open, and a rosy-cheeked girl came in. She brought plenty of the clear, frosty air with her, and her cloak was covered with snowflakes; but she gave a cheer to the schoolroom which it had not

known before. All the children seemed glad to hear her merry "Good morning!"

Then she saw the little stranger who was shrinking back in a corner and just ready to cry. "Good morning," she said sweetly, taking a step toward her.

The new scholar brightened up, and answered, "Good morning," very timidly.

"Cold, isn't it?" said Rosycheeks. Then she put one of her hands deep down into her pocket and brought up a fine, red apple. With her strong fingers she split it in two; then, with a smile, she offered half of it to the new scholar, saying, "Do you like apples?"

The heart of the timid stranger was so full

that she could not answer. But as she took the gift she softly whispered, "Thank you." Never had she tasted an apple half as good as this, it was so juicy and crisp and tart.

"My name is Flora," said Rosycheeks.

"My name is Bessie," said the stranger.

"Wouldn't you like to sit by me?" asked Flora. "The desk next to mine is vacant, and I'm sure the teacher will let you."

Bessie thought that she would like this plan. So the two girls were already friends, and they talked happily till school began.

"Where is Bessie West?" asked the teacher. But before she could answer she saw the child at the desk where Flora had placed her.

The teacher smiled. "Ah! I see that you are well cared for," she said.

Years afterward, Flora often said that she had won her dearest friend, Bessie West, with half an apple. But don't you think that it was something besides the apple?

EXPRESSION: Pronounce very plainly: *desk, desks; cast, just, rest, tasted, frosty; crisp; split, spoke; whispered; gift, soft.* Repeat the poem on page 249.

THE MERRY SHOEMAKER

shoemaker	wages	promise	alarm
merchant	easier	bother	angry

There was once a shoemaker who sat on his bench every day and pegged, pegged away at the shoes he was making.

"Rap-a-tap-tap! Rap-a-tap-tap! Tap-tap!" You could hear his shoemaker's hammer for an hour at a time. And then he would stitch, stitch, stitch, while he sang a happy song,—

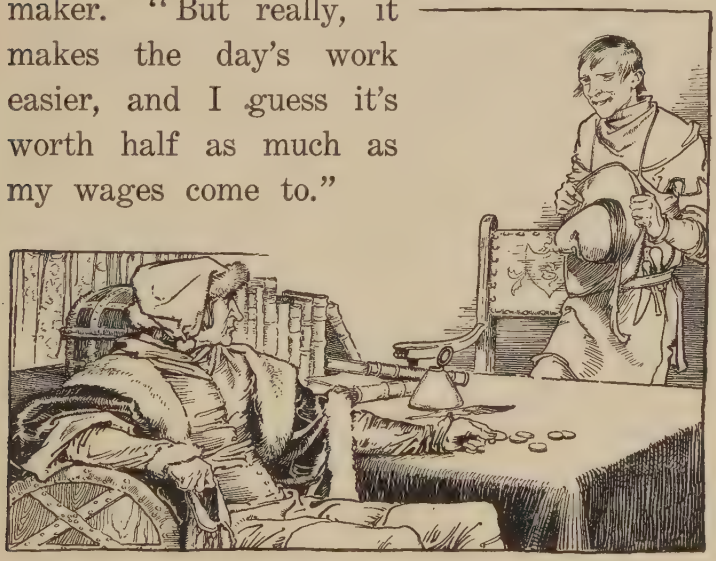
"Oh, a merry heart is better than gold,
And better than wealth a hundredfold."

He had a clear, strong voice, and with his early morning song and the rap-a-tap-tap of his hammer, his neighbors needed no alarm clock to wake them in the morning.

A merchant who lived near by did not like the shoemaker's singing. It made him angry to be disturbed so early in the morning. He was so busy, planning how to make more money, that there was no room in his heart for any kind of mirth.

One day he sent for the shoemaker to come and see him. "My good man," he said, "how much do you think your singing is worth to you?"

"Well, I can hardly say," answered the shoemaker. "But really, it makes the day's work easier, and I guess it's worth half as much as my wages come to."



"How much is that?" asked the merchant.

"It isn't very much," answered the shoemaker. "On some days I earn a dollar, and on some days not quite so much."

"Well," said the merchant, "I will pay you a month's wages right now if you'll promise

not to sing any more. Your singing is a great bother to me."

He took six bright gold pieces from his pocket and laid them on the table before the shoemaker.

The poor man's face brightened. He had never earned money so easily. So he promised the merchant that he would never sing again, and took the gold.

When he got home he counted the pretty yellow pieces over and over, and then put them carefully away. He had never had so much money at one time. All day long he kept thinking of his gold, and his hammer did not tap as merrily as before.

At night he sat for an hour gazing at the pieces, and then he put them under his pillow lest some one might steal them. He could not sleep for thinking of his money and what he would do with it. When morning came his head was tired, his hands were heavy, and he did not feel at all like working.

He went to his little shop and sat down upon his bench. He had never felt so lonely in his

life, for he dared not sing. The time dragged slowly by, and it seemed as though the day would never end. Even the sight of his gold pieces did not cheer him.

Thus two or three days passed. They brought no joy to the shoemaker. He missed that which had cheered his life the most. His work seemed to drag. He began to hate the gold that he had once thought so pretty.

At length he went to see the merchant again. "Sir," he said, "here is the money you gave me. It won't let me sing, it won't let me sleep, it won't let me work. I don't want it."

And before the merchant could say a word, the shoemaker was outside the door, singing, —

"A merry heart is better than gold,
And better than wealth a hundredfold."

EXPRESSION: What did the shoemaker's hammer say? Repeat the shoemaker's happy song — say it as merrily as you can.

Study these words with the teacher: —

well	*mirth*	*stitch*	*drag*	*peg*
wealth	*worth*	*bench*	*dragged*	*pegged*

THREE BEDTIME SONGS

I. The Sandman[1]

The Sandman comes across the land,
At evening, when the sun is low:
Upon his back a bag of sand, —
His step is soft and slow.

I never hear his gentle tread;
But when I bend my sleepy head,
"The Sandman's coming!" mother says,
And mother tells the truth, always.

[1] By Marie Van Vorst. Copyright, 1903, by Harper & Brothers.

He glides across the sunset hill,
To seek each little child like me —
Our all-day tired eyes to fill
With sands of sleep, from slumber's sea

I try my best awake to stay,
But I am tired out with play.
"You'll never see him!" mother says;
And mother tells the truth — always.

II. My Bed is a Boat[1]

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night I go on board and say
Good night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

[1] By Robert Louis Stevenson.

All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

III. The Owl[1]

When all the children lie asleep
And the village lamps are out,
The owl from her lonely nest does creep
To roam the world about.

Her wings are quiet, her eyes are keen,
She needs no starry light;
By her each timid thing is seen
That nibbles in the night.

But when the dawn begins to break
And the morning hour is chill,
She wings her way across the lake,
Or hoots upon the hill.

Now soon the robin sweetly sings,
Unharmed go mouse and mole,
The owl has closed her silent wings,
And sleeps in some dark hole.

[1] By L. Alma-Tadema.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

hiding dreaming rustling blowing

"Cheer-up! cheer-up! cheer-up!"

Did you hear that? It was the song of a cricket.

Little Annie jumped down from her seat before the fire and began to look all around for the tiny creature.

"If I can catch you, Mr. Cricket," she said,

"I will make you tell me what you mean by your song."

But it was not easy to catch him. He might be here, or he might be there — nobody could be quite sure.

"Cheer-up! cheer-up!" he sang. He was happy and gay and safe in his hiding place near the hearth. "Cheer-up, cheer-up!"

"Never mind, sir," said Annie, "I know what you look like. You are a little fellow; and you wear a snug coat of brown and black. You rub your wing covers together to make that sound, 'Cheer-up, cheer-up.' You don't make it with your mouth."

"Cheer-up, cheer-up!" answered the cricket.

"Mr. Cricket," said Annie, "I know some verses about your cousin who stays out in the field. Listen, and I will sing them to you :—

"The cricket lives in the cold, cold ground
At the foot of an old oak tree;
And all through the chilly autumn night
A merry song sings he —
Cheer-up! cheer-up! cheer-up!

"The winds may moan with a hollow tone,
Through the rustling leaves of the tree;
The clouds may fly across the sky,
But a merry song sings he —
Cheer-up! cheer-up! cheer-up!"

"Cheer-up! cheer-up!" answered the cricket on the hearth.

It seemed to Annie that he was saying, "Yes, yes! Who cares for the cold? Who cares for the rain? It is better to sing than to cry. A merry heart makes all things bright. So cheer-up, cheer-up, cheer-up!"

The fire blazed up warm and bright; but out of doors the wind was blowing and the rain was falling. Annie sat dreaming in her little chair, and the cricket on the hearth kept singing, "Cheer-up! cheer-up! cheer-up!"

EXPRESSION: Repeat the cricket's song. Tell what you think it means. Read a paragraph that describes the cricket. Read the verses about the field cricket. Read again the verses about Dame Cricket on page 40.

Study these words with the teacher: —

heart	*fellow*	*coat*	*sound*
hearth	*hollow*	*moan*	*mouth*

A SHEAF OF FABLES

I. The Ant and the Grasshopper

dancing	working	eating
carrying	bothering	shivering

One summer day a grasshopper was dancing in a field. "Oh, who is so happy as I?" he said; and he began to sing a little song, "Oh, who is so happy as I?"

Just then a black ant came by, carrying a grain of rice to its nest. The load was heavy and the ant seemed very tired.

"Hello, my friend!" said the grasshopper. "What's the use of working all the time? Drop that rice and play with me."

"Oh, I don't mind working," said the ant. "I have no time to play with you, for by and by there will be rainy days when I shall need something to eat."

The grasshopper danced around the ant and

said, "What's the use of bothering about rainy days? Let's have a good time while we can."

The ant made no answer, but went home with his rice.

Soon cold weather came, and many rainy days. The grasshopper crept under a stone. He was shivering with cold. He was very hungry.

He saw the ant in its dry, warm home, eating the food it had gathered in sunny weather; and he said, "It is best to lay up something for rainy days."

II. The Little Plant

asked	bustled	lashed	lifted
stepped	roared	warmed	cried

Far in the wild woods stood a little plant with only two green leaves. It was slender and weak, for the ground around it was cold and hard.

"Grow! grow!" said the big trees near it. "Be strong and beautiful as we are."

The little plant heard, but it did not grow.

"Why don't you grow?" asked the robins.

"You're lazy, you're lazy," said the squirrels.

"You're good for nothing but to be stepped on," said the wild deer.

Then the wind came by; it bustled and roared, and cried, "I'll teach you to grow."

It lashed the poor plant this way and that; it beat it to the ground; and still the plant did not grow.

At last, spring came and the sun shone out clear and bright. It looked down and saw the little plant shivering in the cold.

"Let me help you," it said; and it warmed the ground and sent the gentle rains to moisten its roots.

Soon the plant lifted its head and began to put out new leaves. Then it became stronger and grew very, very fast. After a while the birds and the squirrels and the wild deer came to see it; and all said, "What a beautiful tree!"

And a little bird said, "It is better to be kind and gentle than rude and unmannerly."

III. The Hunter and the Woodcutter

One day a hunter went into the wild woods to hunt. He had not gone far before he met a woodcutter.

"My friend," said he, "have you seen any signs of savage animals around here?"

"Yes, I have," answered the woodcutter. "I saw the tracks of a lion a little while ago."

"The tracks of a lion!" said the hunter. "Oh, how I should like to see them! Will you show them to me?"

"Certainly," said the woodcutter; "and I will also show you the lion himself."

The hunter turned pale, and his teeth chattered with fright.

"No, no, no!" he said. "I don't want to see the lion; I only want to see his tracks."

Not all men who carry guns are brave.

IV. The Miser

Once upon a time there was a man who loved money better than anything else. People called him a miser.

All the money that he could get he put into a box. Then he hid the box in a hole at the foot of a tree in his garden.

Once every week he would get the box and open it, and count his money. This gave him more pleasure than anything else.

One night some robbers got into the garden and found the box. They carried it away with all the money that was in it.

When the miser came, next day, to count his wealth, he found nothing there but the empty hole.

He was wild with grief. He cried out so loudly that all the neighbors came to see what was the matter.

He told them how he used to hide his money there, and how he counted it every week.

"Did you ever make any use of any of it?" asked one of the neighbors.

"Oh, no; I only counted it," said the miser.

"Then you can still come and look at the hole. It will do as much good," said the neighbors.

Wealth that is not rightly used might as well never be.

EXPRESSION: Which fable do you like best? Why? Try to repeat it in the words of the book.

Two boys may play "The Hunter and the Woodcutter." Speak just as you think these persons spoke.

THE CATS' TEA PARTY

alas	polite	moment	invited
beneath	darling	teacups	scampered

Five little pussy cats, invited out to tea,
Cried, "Mother, let us go — Oh, do!
For good we'll surely be.
We'll wear our bibs and hold our things
As you have shown us how —
Spoons in right paws, cups in left,
And make a pretty bow.
We'll always say, 'Yes, if you please,'
And 'Only half of that!'"

"Then go, my darling children,"
Said the happy Mother Cat.
The five little pussy cats went out to tea,
Their heads were smooth and glossy,

Their tails were hanging free;
They held their things as they'd been told,
And tried to be polite —
With snowy bibs beneath their chins
They were a pretty sight.

But, alas for manners beautiful,
And coats as soft as silk!
The moment that the little kits
Were asked to take some milk,
They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow,
And — what do you think? —
They put their noses in the cups
And all began to drink!
Yes, every naughty little kit
Began to mew for more,
Then knocked the teacups over,
And scampered through the door.

Learn this and speak it: —

A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table,
At least as far as he is able.

WHEN LINCOLN WAS YOUR AGE

I. The House He Lived in

cabin	bedroom	fireplace	kettles
boards	kitchen	dishes	benches

In the midst of some wild woods in Indiana there once stood a log cabin which many people still like to talk about.

They talk about it because it was the home of Abraham Lincoln when he was a boy.

It was a small house and not at all pretty. The walls were of logs laid one above another; and the roof was of rough boards held in place by long, heavy poles.

There was only one room in the cabin. It was used as kitchen, sitting room, and bedroom, all at the same time.

Above this room there was a little, low loft where the boys slept at night.

In one end of the room there was a big fireplace, built of flat stones with clay between them.

The chimney was outside of the cabin. It was made of clay, with long, slender sticks around it to hold it in shape.

On the hearth before the fireplace there were some pots and kettles, and other things used in cooking. In a corner by the chimney there was a shelf with some dishes on it.

There were no chairs to sit upon, but only some wooden benches. At one side of the room there was a table. At the farther end stood the beds.

The logs of which the walls were built were so far apart, in places, that the wind blew through. Sometimes, too, the rain and snow came in.

Often, at night, Lincoln could look upward from his bed, and see the stars shining down through the cracks in the roof.

To children, nowadays, the cabin in the woods would seem a very cheerless place; but to Abraham Lincoln, nine years old, it was the dearest spot in the world. It was his home, and he thought there was no place like it.

II. How He Helped Others

backwoods	moccasins	instead	errands
trousers	raccoon	squirrels	deerskin

Would you not like to see the boy, Lincoln, as he appeared in his ninth year? He looked and dressed very much like the other boys who lived in the backwoods.

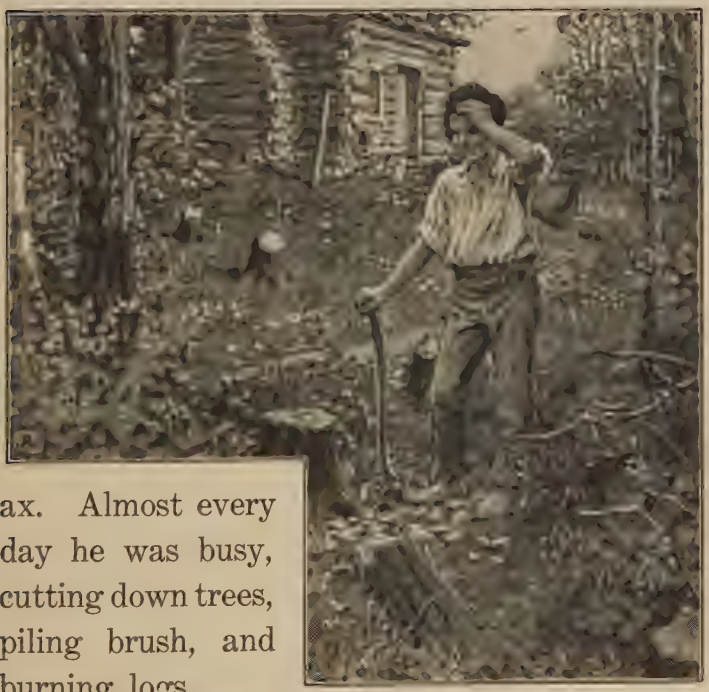
He was tall for his age, and strong, too; but he was not at all handsome. At most times his only clothing was a tow shirt and a pair of deerskin trousers.

He had a coat for Sundays, and a pair of moccasins to wear when the weather was very cold. Instead of a hat, he had a cap made of the skin of a raccoon.

When he looked out from the door of his cabin home, Lincoln could not see much but trees, —

great, tall trees and thickets of underbrush. But his father and he had cleared some of the ground, and there were two or three small fields where corn was growing.

Young as he was, he knew how to use an



ax. Almost every day he was busy, cutting down trees, piling brush, and burning logs.

Sometimes he helped his mother about the house and garden. Sometimes he went on errands to the neighbors, or to the village which

was two miles away. He was always busy at something, and ready to make the best of whatever came to hand.

In the woods there were great numbers of deer and wild turkeys and squirrels. These often came quite near to the cabin; but they had little need to be afraid of a lad so kind-hearted as Abraham Lincoln.

III. How He Went Hunting

gobble	noble	pleasure	reason
muzzle	sorry	persuade	necessary

Very early one summer morning, the lad was wakened by hearing the gobble of wild turkeys. He peeped out and saw a flock of the big birds marching slowly along among the trees near the cabin. Their leader was a noble old fellow, as fine a gobbler as was ever seen.

Lincoln ran quickly, and took his father's gun from the place where it hung. Then he pushed its muzzle through a crack in the wall; he took careful aim and fired. When the smoke

of the gun had cleared away, he saw the gobbler lying dead upon the ground.

At first he felt very proud of having killed such game. He went out and lifted the noble bird from the ground. Then he thought how happy and full of life it had been, and he began to feel very sorry for what he had done. It was the first time that he had ever killed any animal without just reason.

After that, he sometimes hunted game in the woods; but he did this only when the family wanted meat. The gentle-hearted boy could not see any sport in hunting, and he never killed anything unless it was necessary.

The neighbors' boys took pleasure in trapping

squirrels and rabbits and other small animals. Sometimes, on moonlight nights, they hunted raccoons, and thought they had much fun.

Now and then they would persuade Abraham Lincoln to go with them; but towards the end of the chase he was sure to lag far behind. It pained him to see any creature hurt or put to death.

IV. The School He Attended

attended	finished	studied	wrestle
decided	dismissed	easily	succeed

When Abraham Lincoln was your age, there were no such schools as are now found everywhere. He had never attended school but a few weeks; and yet he had learned to read quite well.

For a long time there was no school within many miles of his home.

The country was new. The people were poor. The men had all they could do to build their houses, clear the land for their fields, and make fences around their farms.

At length, when Lincoln was thirteen years old, the neighbors decided that they must have a schoolhouse. They did not wish to let their children grow up without knowing how to read and write.

So, one morning in autumn, all the men for miles around met together at a place where

two roads crossed. They set to work in earnest. They chopped down trees; they cut the logs in proper lengths; they laid them in place, one upon another. Before night the schoolhouse was finished.

The first teacher in the new schoolhouse was Azel Dorsey; and Abraham Lincoln was one of the first pupils.

School began each day at sunrise, and it was not dismissed until the sun was setting. The children at the Lincoln cabin started to school soon after daylight; and often the stars were shining before they were back at the home fireside; for the schoolhouse was three or four miles away.

Abraham Lincoln stood at the head of all his classes. This was not because he could learn more easily than his schoolmates, but because he studied harder.

He liked play; and he could run and throw and wrestle as well as any boy in school. But he liked books also; and he knew that the only right way to succeed in the world is by hard work and study.

EXPRESSION: Talk about Lincoln — his home, where it stood, how it looked, what he thought of it.

How did the boy Lincoln look? What did he do?

Talk about him as a hunter. Talk about his school.

Pronounce very plainly: *midst, first, dearest; roof, rough; raccoons, moccasins; muzzle, wrestle; necessary, decided; A'bra ham Lin'coln; A'zel Dor'sey; In di an'a.*

Read, talk about, and memorize the poem on page 165.

MY COUNTRY

TO BE MEMORIZED

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
    Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
    Let freedom ring!

My native country! Thee —
Land of the noble free, —
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.

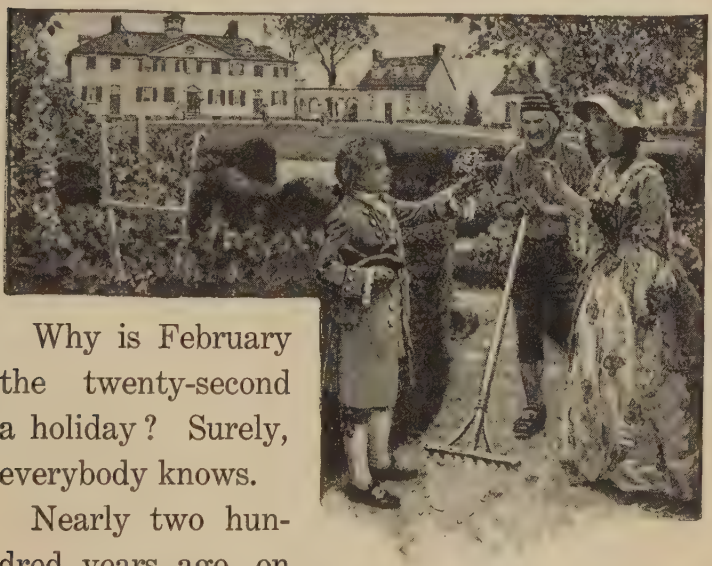
Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

EXPRESSION: Memorize these verses. Sing them. Make a list of all the hard words.

WHEN WASHINGTON WAS A BOY

I. In the Garden

Englishman	boyhood	holiday	broad
plantation	overlooks	several	manage



Why is February the twenty-second a holiday? Surely, everybody knows.

Nearly two hundred years ago, on that day, a boy was born who became one of the greatest of men. I need not tell you his name; it is known to every boy and girl in our country.

How would you like to see George Washington in his boyhood home in Virginia?

Here he is, in his brother's garden.

How oddly he is dressed! How tall he is, and how handsome! How strong he looks!

As you see him now, he is about twelve years old. His father is dead. His mother has been left alone to care for a large family and manage a great farm or plantation.

There are four children younger than George; and he has two half-brothers, Lawrence and Augustine, who are several years older.

His brother Lawrence is the owner of a fine plantation. Lawrence has named the place Mount Vernon, and has built a grand house there. It overlooks a broad river, and everything around it is beautiful.

It is in the garden at Mount Vernon that you now see the boy, George Washington. He is visiting his brother, and he may stay here some time before going back to his mother's plantation.

Last year he stayed with his brother Augustine whose home is farther down the river. There he attended school.

EXPRESSION: Learn to pronounce: *Vir gin'i a, Law'rence, Au gus'tĭne, Mount Ver'non.*

II. How People lived in Virginia

railway	trolley	possible	clothing
railroad	steamboat	traveling	daughter

When Washington went to visit his brother he did not ride in a railway coach. Nobody had ever dreamed of such a thing. In all the world there was not a railroad car nor a steamboat nor a trolley car.

People did not travel very much. When they had need to go from one place to another they went on foot, or rode horseback, or sailed in a boat. They had never heard of any faster way of traveling, and did not think it possible.

There were no good roads such as we have now. The wagon roads were little more than paths from one plantation to another.

I have said that Washington's mother and his older brothers lived on large farms or plantations. It was so with almost everybody in Virginia.

The rich men owned the plantations, and the poorer people lived near them and helped to carry on the work. Many of these poorer people were slaves.

Very few persons ever went to town; for at that time there were not more than three or four towns in all Virginia. There was but little to buy and little to sell.

The farmers or planters raised grain and fruit and vegetables. They had cattle and sheep and pigs and chickens. They had all the food they needed without buying it.

They also got wool from the sheep; and they planted a great deal of flax. They spun the wool and the flax, and then wove it into cloth. This they dyed red or blue or black or brown, as they chose.

Nearly all the clothing was made at home by the mother or the daughters or the women slaves. But the richer people like the Washingtons had their fine coats and dresses and hats brought from England.

III. The Ship and the Sea

delivered	anxious	tobacco	useful
ordered	grieve	planters	wonderful

Every year a ship came up the river bringing beautiful and useful things from across the sea. It brought fine dress goods and chairs and tables and such things as could not be made at home.

These were delivered to the planters or other people who had ordered them. Then the ship was loaded with tobacco and other things from the plantation, and at length sailed away.

It was a great pleasure to Washington when this ship came. He liked to watch it as it lay by the river bank not far from his home. It made him think of a wonderful country and of strange people far away.

At one time Washington thought he would like to be a sailor. His brother Lawrence was anxious that he should go to sea; but his mother could not bear the thought of it.

When Washington saw the tears in her eyes, he knew that she would grieve for him if he went away. So he said, "Mother, I have made up my mind not to go to sea. I will stay near you and do whatever you think is best for me."

Expression: Talk about the time when Washington was a boy. Who will tell about George and his brothers? Why did not Washington become a sailor?

Read the poem on the next page. Which of the pleasures there mentioned may Washington have enjoyed?

A BOY'S SONG

TO BE MEMORIZED

trout	hazel	maidens	homeward
lea	shadow	banter	clustering

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

THE BOY AND HIS DONKEY

donkey	beating	advice	wasted
whack	station	packages	balked
sleek	stubborn	business	hauling

"Whack! whack! whack!" The sound could be heard from one end of the quiet street to the other. I looked up to see what was the matter. A boy on a donkey cart was beating his poor animal with a stick.

"Get up there, I tell you!" cried the boy; and then the stick fell again and again, "Whack! whack! whack!"

The boy was fourteen or fifteen years of age. His face was round and jolly, and he did not look like a cruel boy. The cart was full of sand. The donkey was very small and stubborn.

I told the boy to stop. The donkey was standing still in the middle of the street. He held his head down, and would not move an inch.

He seemed to be saying to the boy, "You may whack me as hard as you please, I won't go a step farther."

"He's stubborn," said the boy. "I want to unload my sand and go home to dinner, and here he stops without any reason. You would beat him, too, if he was your donkey."

"I think not," I answered. "Look here — this is what the poor donkey wants." As I

spoke I picked up a large crust of bread which I saw lying on the ground. Some one had thrown it away, and the donkey seemed to think that it ought not to be wasted.

I handed it to the animal. He ate it, and even while I was talking to his master, he began to trot off with his load.

"Good day, sir," cried the lad, looking back and laughing. "I must say I never saw my old donkey trot like this before."

" Be kind to him and he will serve you well," I said.

Several months after this, I met the boy and his donkey again. The boy himself was well dressed, and the donkey was quite clean and fat.

"Good morning, sir," said the boy. "I took your advice about the donkey, and now look at him. He has never balked since."

"He surely looks better," I said; "and so do you, I think."

The boy laughed. "I am not in the same business now," he said. "When the donkey got sleek and fat, I painted the old cart and took to hauling trunks and packages from the station. There's more money in that."

Before we parted he told me that the other boys were now feeding their animals better and using the stick less.

"It pays to be kind," I said.

"Yes, and then somehow you feel better," he answered.

THE DOG AND HIS COUSINS

Keeper	watched	cousins	certainly	rushing
Reynard	leaped	slaves	kindly	snapping
Gaunt	seized	wolves	poultry	snarling
shepherd	snarled	servants	questions	prowling

There was once a fine shepherd dog whose name was Keeper. He watched his master's sheep, and was very useful about the barn and house.

One day when he was near the woods he saw two strange animals prowling among the bushes. They looked a little like dogs, but there was something in their manner which he did not like.

"Begone, there!" he shouted. "You have no business here."

Then the smaller of the two animals spoke

up and said, "Dear cousin, why do you drive us away? Surely, you ought to be kind to your poor cousins."

He spoke very kindly and Keeper began to think that he was not so bad as he looked.

"Do you mean to say that you are cousins of mine?" he asked.

"Certainly, sir," was the answer. "I am Reynard, the fox, and my friend here is Gaunt, the wolf. Everybody knows that foxes and wolves and dogs are cousins."

"I don't see how that can be," said Keeper.

"Well, I will tell you," answered Reynard. "It is written in the books that at first there were no dogs nor foxes, but only wolves, wild wolves. Isn't that so, Cousin Gaunt?"

"Certainly! certainly!" snarled the wolf.

"Then, the books say, some of the wolves went into the towns and farmhouses, and be-

came the servants of the merchants and farmers. Others learned to be so wise and cunning that their noses grew sharp and their tails grew bushy. Isn't that so, Cousin Gaunt?"

"Certainly! certainly!" snarled the wolf.

"Those who became the slaves of men were called dogs; and those who lived by their wits were called foxes. But they were still wolves, or at least cousins of wolves. Do you see?"

"Well, I never thought of that before," said Keeper; "but perhaps you are right."

"Then don't you think that we ought to be friends?" asked Reynard.

"It does seem so," answered the dog.

"Yes, it does seem so," snarled the wolf.

So they touched noses and took a little walk together through the woods. Keeper saw that all the smaller animals kept well out of their way; and he was surprised when the sheep, who knew him so well, took fright and ran to the other end of the field.

"I must go and look after them," he said to his new-found cousins. "Good-by! Come and see me in the back yard this evening."

"Thank you, dear cousin," said the fox.

"We'll be there at dusk," said the wolf.

It was quite dark when they came. Keeper was very kind to them, and gave them the larger part of his supper. They stayed till bedtime, and then trotted off. But Keeper did not know that they went towards the poultry yard.

The next morning an old hen and two young ducks were missing. But Keeper was so honest that he never thought of his cousins knowing anything about it.

A few evenings later, they came to visit him again. They seemed very kind and asked him a good many questions about the sheep and the sheep yard. In the morning he was surprised to find that a pet lamb was missing.

"Well, I wonder if those fellows would harm a lamb," he said. "I can't believe it, I can't believe it! But I must watch more carefully."

The next week they came again. Keeper did not seem so glad to see them.

"It would be pleasanter to see you in the daytime," he said.

"It would be much pleasanter to us, too,"

answered the fox; "but we are so busy through the day that we have no time to go visiting."

When they took their leave, Keeper thought that he would follow them a little way. As they were going past the barnyard, the wolf jumped over the

fence, seized a young pig, and ran down the road with it.

The pig squealed with all its might. Keeper ran to its aid, flew at his dear cousin Gaunt, and made him let it go. Then there was a sharp fight in the road. The two cousins snapped and snarled at each other, and at last the wolf was driven to the woods.

As Keeper was going back to the house, he saw the fox in the poultry yard.

"What are you doing there, you rascal?" he cried. "Begone! begone!"

"Oh, my dear cousin, don't be so rude," said the fox. "I was trying to help you by watching the chickens while you were away."

"Begone with you!" said Keeper. "I want no help from you. You may look a little like me, and be my cousin, but you are a thief just the same. Begone! begone!"

He looked so fierce that the fox ran away and never dared to come back.

EXPRESSION: Which of the three cousins do you like best? Why?

One boy may be the dog, one the fox, and one the wolf. Now play that they meet for the first time in the woods. What does each say?

Study these words: *Reynard* (*rā'nard*), a common name for a fox; *Gaunt* (*gänt*), a good name for a wolf; *shepherd*, one who takes care of sheep.

Speak very distinctly and in natural tones: "*Begone, there!*" "*Certainly! certainly!*" "*Thank you, dear cousin.*" "*I can't believe it, I can't believe it!*" "*What are you doing there, you rascal?*"

plenty	ripe	beauty	sweet	empty
plentiful	ripest	beautiful	sweetest	emptied

Little Fritz lived with his mother in a country far over the sea. His father was dead, and there was no one to help his mother but himself. He could not do much, he was so little; but he said to himself, "I shall soon be bigger, and then I can be of more use."

One day when Fritz was crossing an old field he found some ripe wild strawberries. They were sweet and large, and there were so many that the ground seemed covered with them.

He ran home and told his mother.

"Take your basket, Fritz, and gather them all," she said. "To-morrow, you may carry them to town and sell them."

"What shall I buy for you, mother?"

"Nothing, my dear, — nothing for me, but something for yourself. You have no shoes. I hope there will be enough money to buy you some good warm ones for winter."

"Thank you, mother!" said Fritz.

With the basket on his arm, he ran back to the field. It was very lonely there, for it was far from the house; but Fritz was happy, for the berries were plentiful and the sweetest he had ever found.

Soon his basket was full, and not another berry was to be found. He was just starting for home, when he heard some one say, "Will you give me some of those berries?"

The child looked up. A man with a pale face and faded clothing was standing near by. "Will you give me some of those berries?" he said again.

"I must take them home," said Fritz. "To-morrow I wish to sell them to buy some shoes."

"I have a sick baby at home," said the man.

"She might get well if she could have some berries to eat. I have been looking for strawberries all day, but I could not find any."

Fritz felt very sorry for the poor man and the sick child. He thought to himself, "I can do without the shoes for a while."

So he said to the man, "Yes, you may take the basket just as it is."

The man thanked him and took the basket with the berries in it.

Fritz went from one field to another, looking for more berries. The day passed, the sun was setting, he was almost ready to give up. Then, in a wild nook by the edge of the forest, he found them in great plenty. But now, he remembered that he had given away his basket. How should he carry the berries?

As he stood wondering what to do, he heard

a rustling sound near by. He looked up and saw a beautiful lady smiling down upon him.

"Take this bowl for your strawberries, little boy," she said. "Pick only the ripest."

Fritz took the bowl which she handed him. It seemed old and cracked and stained, but it would hold strawberries.

"I thank you very much," he said. "I will fill it with berries and run home; then I will bring the empty bowl back to you."

He stooped and began to pick the berries. The bowl was soon quite full. But when he looked for the beautiful lady she was gone.

Fritz ran home. He told his mother about the poor man and the sick child. "You did right to give him the berries," said his mother.

Then he told her about the beautiful lady and

the cracked bowl. "Let me see the bowl," said his mother. "Perhaps the lady was a fairy."

They looked at it. It was not cracked. It was not old nor stained. It was bright and shining. It was pure gold. And when they had emptied it, they saw these words upon it: —

"*This bowl is for Fritz, for his kindness of heart. He who helps the poor shall never want.*"

BE KIND TO THE BIRDS

Little children, never give
Pain to things that feel and live.
Let the gentle robin come
For the crumbs you save at home —
He'll repay you with a song,
For the food you throw along.
The little lark goes soaring high
To the bright windows of the sky,
Singing as if 'twere always spring,
And fluttering on untired wing. —
Oh! let him sing his happy song,
Nor do these gentle creatures wrong.

EXPRESSION: Repeat the poem on page 249.

SOME VERSES TO BE REMEMBERED

I. Little by Little

"Little by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."

Little by little each day it grew,
Little by little it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent a thread-like root,
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot.

Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear;
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Each precious moment I will employ,
And always this rule in my mind shall dwell:
Whatever I do, I'll do it well.

"Little by little, I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago;
And sometime, perhaps, the world will be
Happier and better because of me."

II. Try Again

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again;—
Then your courage should appear,
For, if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear;
Try, try again.

Once or twice, though you should fail,
Try, try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try, try again.
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
Though we do not win the race.
What is lost you may replace;
Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,
Try, try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try again.
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, should not you?
Only keep this rule in view:
TRY, TRY AGAIN.

III. SPEAK THE TRUTH

Speak the truth!
Speak it boldly, never fear;
Speak it so that all may hear;
In the end it shall appear
Truth is best in age and youth.
Speak the truth.

Speak the truth!
Truth is beautiful and brave,
Strong to bless and strong to save;
Falsehood is a cowardly knave;
From it turn thy steps in youth—
Follow truth.

GRUMBLEDOM

I

valentine	sword	nonsense	satisfied
contented	shame	reins	sudden
discontented	sharp	wrappers	dreadful

"It's all wrong; I know it is!" said Robert. "Nobody has sent me a valentine. You girls

have ever so many, and I haven't one. I never get anything."

"Nonsense!" said his sister Dora. "You have more things than any of us. You are always discontented."

Just then the doorbell rang, and a small

package was left. It was marked, "*A Valentine for Robert.*"

"I'm sure it isn't much," said Robert. But he quickly took off the wrappers, and found a beautiful pocket knife with his name upon it. He was delighted.

"It's from Uncle John," he said. "He heard me say that I wanted a good knife; and here it is."

For five minutes he was happy. He showed the knife to his mother and sisters, and then sat down on the back doorstep to whittle. He had found a long piece of soft pine, and he thought he would make a wooden sword.

The knife was sharp, and for a while the work went on well. But soon Robert began to wish for a tool that would cut faster. Then he dropped the piece of pine and began to grumble.

"Why didn't Uncle John send me a bigger knife?" he said. "I can't whittle anything with this toy. Nobody cares for me. I never get what I want. It's a shame, it's a shame—that's what it is!"

II

"It *is* a shame, indeed it is!" said a small voice close by. "I wouldn't stand it if I were you."

Robert looked and saw a strange little man on the step beside him. He was dressed all in brown, and wore a funny little brown cap on his head.

"I wouldn't stand it if I were you," said the little man.

"But I can't help it," said Robert. "I *have* to stand it, and that's the worst of it."

"Oh, you can help it if you wish," said the little man. "I know a land where you can always have what you want — and sometimes a little more than you want."

"Well, I wish I could live there," said Robert. "But it doesn't do any good to wish — I never get anything that I wish for."

"Oh, yes, you do!" said the little man. "And if you would like to go to the land I spoke about, I will take you there at once."

"Yes, yes," said Robert. "I'm ready to go. Show me the way."

III

It was certainly a beautiful country in which Robert found himself. The sun was shining, the grass was green and soft, and there were flowers and birds on every side.

"Well, what is the name of this queer place?" he asked.

"Some people call it Grumbledom," answered the little man.

"It's a good name," said Robert; "for there's plenty of things to grumble about. I never saw so hot a place in my life — it's like a bake oven. I wish it was winter time."

"Oh, it's too hot, is it?" said the little man. "Well, we'll see if we can please you better."

Then he clapped his hands and began to sing: —

"Leave us, sun! Go far away!
We've had enough of you to-day.
Blow, winds, blow with all your might!
Frost and snow, come into sight!"

The words seemed to make Robert shiver, and

in a minute or two he was shivering indeed. The sun had gone from sight. The grass and flowers were covered with snow, and a cold wind was blowing the sleet right into his face.

Robert pulled his coat around him and began to cry. The snow fell so fast that he could not see which way to go.

"This is the worst weather I ever saw," he said. "How can anybody live in a place like this!"

"So you've had enough of it, have you?" said the little man. "You don't like the cold, I see. Well, I'll try to please you again."

Then he sang:—

"Sun shine, soft winds blow!
Birds sing, flowers grow!"

Soon all was pleasant once more. But Robert was not happy; he couldn't help grumbling.

"Everything is very pretty," he said; "but it's a dull place, after all. There's no fun walking around where there's nothing but flowers and birds. I wish I had something to play with. I wish I had a real, live donkey to ride."

The little man clapped his hands and whistled; and the next moment Robert saw a donkey standing before him. It was the very donkey that he wished. It was saddled and bridled and waiting for him to get on.

Robert leaped into the saddle, and away went

the donkey. It ran so fast that it was as much as the boy could do to hold on. He pulled hard at the reins and cried out, "Whoa! whoa! You go too fast. Whoa! whoa!"

The donkey stopped running and fell into a

very slow walk. It seemed to Robert that he had never seen an animal move so slowly. So he began to kick and beat the poor creature, while he shouted, "Get up! Get up, you lazy thing!"

Then all at once the donkey stumbled, and Robert was tumbled, heels over head, upon the ground. As he lay there, he heard the little man laughing and singing:—

"This sudden fall will prove to all
A fact that's very true:
From Grumbledom to Tumbledom
Is but a step or two."

IV

Robert was now quite tired of play. He began to wish himself at school again with lessons to be learned and playmates to keep him company.

"Oh, I don't like this kind of play," he said. "I would rather work."

The very next moment he had his wish. He was standing up with the other boys, and the teacher was hearing them read.

The lesson was easy, and for a while Robert

forgot to grumble. But there were several hard words, and he had not studied them as he should. When his turn came to read he stumbled and halted, and was at last told to sit down until he was sure he could do better.

"It's the worst old book I ever saw," he grumbled; "and the teacher never helps me at all."

Then again he heard the little man laughing and singing: —

"If you will look in your reading book,
This lesson you will find:
He who grumbles often stumbles,
And so is left behind."

V

Robert, with tears in his eyes, ran out of the schoolroom. He threw himself upon the grass, and was very, very unhappy. "Everything goes wrong with me," he said. "I never seem to do right."

"Never do right?" said a little girl who was passing by with her little brother and a pet lamb. "Never do right? Oh, how dreadful!"

"How dreadful!" repeated the smaller child. And was it a dream, or did the lamb bleat the same words, "How dreadful!" At any rate, Robert thought it was the lamb.

"It must be your own fault, little boy," said the girl. "I've been told that you are a grumbler; and grumblers are always in trouble.

You must give up grumbling, and try to be happy and contented, and then all will go well with you."

Robert felt that there was truth in these words, and he answered, "I'll try it. I'll give up grumbling, that I will."

The next moment a merry party of boys and girls passed by him singing:—

"If we are bent on sweet content,
We happiness shall find —"

Then suddenly Robert felt some one shaking his arm and saying, "Wake up, Bobby! How do you like your valentine?"

He looked up and saw his Uncle John standing over him. He rubbed his eyes and said, "Have I been asleep?"

"I think you were in the land of Nod when I found you," answered his uncle.

"No, it was some other land," said Robert. "I learned something there, too; and I shall never, never grumble again."

And he was as good as his word.

EXPRESSION: What did Robert and the little man say to each other? What did the little girls and the lamb say to him? Speak as you think each one spoke.

Repeat the little man's two songs.

Study these words and pronounce them plainly: *grumbled, tumbled, stumbled; grumbles, grumbler, grumbling; saddle, saddled.*

It's a shame. It is a shame. It's all wrong. Heels over head. I'll try it.

THE NEST BUILDERS

Julia	orchard	topmost	softly
Tealeaf	chirping	trouble	shaped

One day, early in spring, Robin Redbreast was sitting on the topmost branch of an apple tree.

"Julia! Julia! Julia Tealeaf! Tealeaf!"

He was singing to his mate, and this was the name by which he called her.

Soon Julia Tealeaf came, hopping from branch to branch, and chirping softly because she was so happy.

Then both the birds flew down into the orchard near by. It was nest-making time, and they were looking for a good building spot.

Robin thought it would be pleasant to live near some farmhouse. Then the jay birds and the crows would be afraid to trouble them; and they could watch the children at their play.

"But think of the cats!" said his mate. "Did you ever see a farmhouse where there were no cats? And they are worse than jay birds."

There were some fine places in the orchard; and several robins had already begun to build there. The two birds flew from one tree to another till at last they came to a tall cherry tree quite close to a large farmhouse.

"Here is the best place of all," chirped Robin Redbreast. "Why not build right here?"

Julia Tealeaf looked down and saw three cats asleep on the doorstep. Then she hopped quickly to the top of the tree.

"This is no place for birds," she said. "Come, let us go somewhere else."

"We might hide the nest among the leaves," said Robin. "The cherries will be so easy to get when they are ripe."

His mate shook her head.

"Yes, but look at those cats," she said. "They

would climb right up here, I'm sure. It would not be at all safe to build so near the house."

"Well, I suppose it's best to keep far away from such creatures," said Robin; and they flew away to another house that stood far from any road.

Here there were no cats, and just over the garden wall there was a grove of small trees with plenty of briers and ferns all around.

"I think this will be a safe place," said Julia Tealeaf. "Nobody will wish to come here among these briers."

"And the leaves are so thick that the crows can never see where the nest is," said Robin.

They were very glad because they had found a spot so safe and wild, and yet so near to a farmhouse. There were cherry trees, too, not far away, and also a green lawn where they could hop about and look for worms.

They began to build their house at once. Down by the brook there was plenty of mud for the walls; and they would not have to carry it very far.

In the field they found some fine, dry grass

which was just the thing for lining the inside. On the rails of an old fence Robin found a great many long hairs which had once belonged in the tail of the farmer's cow. All these they worked into the walls of the nest to make them stronger.

The happy birds were very busy. All day long, they flew back and forth, back and forth, carrying the things for their little home.

They placed everything just where it belonged. They shaped the mud walls; they laid the bits of fine grass around; they lined the inside with hair and soft leaves.

"What a pretty house it is!" said Robin Redbreast. Then he flew to the top of the cherry tree, and for a whole hour sang nothing but, "Julia! Julia! Julia Tealeaf! Tealeaf!"

Soon there were four pretty blue eggs in the nest, and Robin Redbreast was so happy that he wished to sing all the time.

EXPRESSION: Tell about the robins and their nest. Did you ever hear a robin sing? What did he seem to say? Read what the two birds said about cats.

Pronounce very plainly: *nest, nests; suppose it's best; just the thing; wished to sing; Jūl'ia Tea'leaf.*

ROLLICKING ROBIN

rollicking coax juice half

1. Rollicking Robin is here again.
What does he care for the April rain?

2. Care for it? He's glad of it. Well does he know
That the April rain will melt all the snow.

3. It will coax out the leaves to hide his nest,
It will wash his pretty red Easter vest;

4. It will make the juice of the cherry sweet
For him and his little robins to eat.

5. "Ha! ha! ha!" hear the jolly bird laugh,
"That isn't the best of the story, by half."

WHAT ROBIN TOLD ME

How do the robins build their nest?
Robin Redbreast told me.
First a wisp of amber hay
In a pretty round they lay;
Then some shreds of downy floss,
Feathers, too, and bits of moss,
Woven with a sweet, sweet song,
This way, that way, and across:
That's what Robin told me.

Where do the robins hide their nest?
Robin Redbreast told me.
Up among the leaves so deep,
Where the sunbeams rarely creep.
Long before the winds are cold,
Long before the leaves are gold,
Bright-eyed stars will peep and see
Baby robins one, two, three:
That's what Robin told me.

EXPRESSION: One may read the question and another the answer.

Study these words and pronounce them clearly: *wisp, shreds, floss, leaves, am'ber, rare'ly, feath'ers, wo'ven.*

Henry had always lived in the city. One summer, when he was ten years old, his Uncle John invited him to spend a month with his cousins on the farm.

Like many older persons, he thought that it would be fine sport to hunt and terrify the timid little creatures that live in the fields and woods.

He had heard his father tell about hunting deer. His big brother was always talking about the fish he had caught. So Henry thought that he, too, must catch and kill something.

The very next morning after coming to the farm, he went out into the garden. He had a sling shot in his pocket, which he had brought from the city; and his head was full of thoughts of hunting and killing.

Cousin Mary was in the garden picking cur-

rants, and Henry stood watching her. He heard a bird singing in the bushes. He didn't know much about birds; and he had never heard a more beautiful song. Then the song stopped, and he heard a cry like that of an angry cat.

Henry looked up. "What's that?" he asked.

"Oh, it's a catbird," said Mary.

"A catbird? Where is he?"

"There he is in that cherry tree. He is scolding us for being so near his nest."

Henry was ready with his sling shot. He sent a smooth pebble straight to the head of the little songster. It fell fluttering to the ground.

"Hold there! What are you doing?" cried Uncle John, who had just come into the garden. "Don't you know that boys with sling shots and men with guns are not allowed on this farm?"

"It's only a catbird, uncle," said Henry. "It was going to eat your cherries."

"Never mind the cherries," said Uncle John. "You have done a very cruel and foolish thing."

He picked up the little bird, which was only stunned, and held it in his hand.

"But, uncle," said Henry, "don't the birds eat fruit and grain?"

"Yes, they do," said Uncle John, "but they eat no more than is their share. For in the spring they kill thousands of worms and insects that would have destroyed all our fruit and grain. We could not raise much on the farm if the birds didn't help us."

Just then the bird opened its eyes and began to move its wings.

"I am glad I didn't kill it," said Henry; for he was really kind at heart.

The bird fluttered a little, and then flew up into the tree.

"Fly away, little fellow," said Uncle John. "Come again to-morrow morning and scold as much as you please."

The first thing that Henry did, after going into the house, was to throw his sling shot into the kitchen fire.

"I am glad you burned it," said Mary.

EXPRESSION: Pronounce these words carefully: —

ter'ri fy	*tim'id*	*scold'ing*	*stunned*
flut'ter ing	*thou'sands*	*song'ster*	*allowed*

THE LITTLE BROWN BROTHERS

[Two little brown flower seeds lay close together in the ground. They had been sleeping and waiting all through the cold winter. But at last the spring came, the sun warmed them in their beds, and this is what they said to each other.]

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cozily, close to each other:
Hark to the song of the lark—

"Waken!" the lark says, "waken and dress you;
Put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you—
Waken! 'tis morning—'tis May!"

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy—all white, like my mother;
Do be a poppy like me.

What! you're a sunflower? How I shall miss you
When you're grown golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you;
Little brown brother, good-by.

THE BIRDS' PROMISE

A Dialogue for Acting

PART FIRST

Child

Five blue eggs hatching
And bright eyes watching!
Please, pretty mother bird, show me your nest.

Bird

Oh, pass me blindly!
Oh, spare me kindly!
Pity my terror, and leave me to rest.

Chorus of Children

Hush! hush! hush!
'Tis a poor mother thrush.
When the blue eggs hatch, the brown birds will sing.

Bird

Yes, it will not be long
Till you may hear their song —
For this is the promise that we made in the spring.

PART SECOND

Child

Five speckled thrushes
In leafy bushes
Singing sweet songs to the blue summer sky.

Birds

Here and there flitting,
All the time twittering,
Happy is our life as the days go by.

Chorus of Children

Hush ! hush ! hush !
'Tis the song of the thrush ;
Hatched are the blue eggs, the brown birds do sing.

Birds

Yes, listen to our song,
Our happy notes prolong ;
We are keeping the promise that was made in the spring.

FRIENDS AT THE FARM

I

It was very early in the morning. The sun was not up; but the stars had faded away, and in the east the sky was red and golden.

Whitefoot, the old farm horse, stirred in his stall. He heard the robins singing in the apple trees. He rose from his bed of straw and put his head out of the window.

"How lazy everybody is!" he said. "I wish people would wake up. The sun is ready to rise and nobody will see it but the robins and me."

"You don't say so!" called the rooster. "Why, I've been awake for an hour. Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"Good morning to you!" said Whitefoot. "I am glad that you rise so early. You know

what the good people at the house are always saying: —

'Early to bed and early to rise
Makes one healthy, wealthy, and wise.'"

"Yes, but they don't practice it," said the rooster; and he flew up into a cherry tree and crowed with all his might.

"Bow-wow-wow!" It was Tony, the fox terrier, racing after a sparrow in the barnyard.

"Don't be foolish," said Whitefoot. "You know that you are not smart enough to catch birds. Come here and I'll tell you something."

"What is it?" asked Tony, coming up and touching noses with his friend.

"To-day is Saturday, and the master will drive me to the mill," said Whitefoot. "Do you wish to go with us?"

"May I run along by your side?" asked Tony.

"Indeed you may," said the wise horse. "But you must talk to me as you run. You must tell me what the master and mistress are doing and saying in the house."

"I will tell you all that I know," said Tony. "A letter came to the mistress yesterday, and

I think there was good news in it. She will read it at the breakfast table, and I will listen."

II

It was nine o'clock, and horse, dog, and master were on the highroad bound for the mill.

"Now, what was the news in that letter?" asked Whitefoot, as Tony ran forward and looked up into his face.

"Well, I'm afraid there will be trouble for both of us," answered the dog.

"Why do you think so?" asked Whitefoot.

"Well, Master Harry is coming home. You know that he has been away for years and years," answered Tony.

"Yes, I knew him when he was a little fellow," said the horse. "I was a colt then, but I remember. He was the liveliest lad I ever saw — full of fun and frolic. And when he wasn't romping, he was always learning lessons. I once heard his father say that the lessons were good for him — that they put sense into his head. But I can't understand what that meant."

"I suppose they made him thoughtful and wise," said Tony.

"Just so," answered Whitefoot; "and for that reason his father sent him away to school, and he has been there for years and years."

"Much longer than I can remember," sighed Tony; "and now he is coming home, and you and I are going to have trouble."

"Why do you think so? How can his coming make trouble for us?"

"I will tell you," said Tony, walking close to his friend and looking uncommonly sad. "He is bringing a horse and a dog. Do you hear that, Whitefoot — *a horse and a dog?*"

Tony said this very seriously, and Whitefoot almost stopped in the road.

"Well, I'm the only horse on the farm, and you are the only dog — and the farm is very small," he said.

"Too small for two dogs and two horses," snarled Tony. "Everything will be changed."

"Perhaps it will be for the better," answered Whitefoot, cheerfully. "There will be a friend

for me and a companion for you, and we shall have lively times, I hope."

"Too lively, I'm afraid," said the terrier. "Everybody will pet the new dog, and he will get all the best bones, and I — I shall be neglected and forgotten." And then to hide his troubled feelings he ran into the woods on the trail of a rabbit.

"That's just like Tony," said Whitefoot, as he trotted down the hill to the mill. "If he would only try to be kind and friendly to everybody, I'm sure he would be happier. It is true that we may have trouble, but for my part I am going to do my best, let come what will."

III

The errand at the mill was soon done. The bags of meal were loaded into the cart, and Farmer John took the reins into his hands. "Get up, Whitefoot!" he said.

The horse needed not another word — he needed no touch of the whip. He fairly ran up the hills, instead of creeping as he usually did; and on the level road he flew as if he had springs

in his hoofs. It was more than poor Tony could do to keep up with the fast-moving cart.

"I wonder what ails the old horse," said the farmer; and then as they came within sight of the farmhouse he saw the gate wide open and the mistress and the girls making a great ado in the kitchen.

"What's the matter, Tom?" he cried to the hired man. "What's all this fuss about?"

"Why, sir, young Harry's come home! And he's grown so that you wouldn't know him."

"Indeed! indeed!" said Farmer John; and he sprang from the cart and ran towards the house. "O Harry, my lad, you are a man, indeed!" he cried, as a tall, handsome fellow rushed out to greet him.

"Father! father!" shouted Harry.

"Why, it's you, Harry! It's you!" said the old farmer; and tears of joy came into his eyes.

It was six years since Harry had gone away to the great school in the city. He was then only a little lad, and now he was a full-grown man.

"Hasn't he grown big?" said the mother, wiping her eyes with her apron. Then she

brushed the dust from his collar and took him gently by the arm. "Come into the house, Harry, while I get a bit of dinner."

"Wait just a minute, mother," said her son. "I must go and feed Princess first, and then I'll be with you. Oh, but she's a grand little horse!"

"Just as you always were, Harry! Somebody else first, and yourself afterwards."

"There's a second stall in the stable," said Harry's father. "Bring her along. Whitefoot will be much pleased to have a bright little friend like Princess."

And indeed Whitefoot was glad, although he could not say so. The beautiful little Princess looked with wonder at the plain farm horse and his homely stall.

"Good morning, sir," she said; "I suppose I am to share this place with you?"

"Well, ye-es!" stammered Whitefoot.

"Have you been here long?" she asked.

"Yes, a very long time — all my life."

"What a plain old fellow he is!" the black beauty was thinking.

"She is certainly a handsome creature," said the farmer, stroking her nose very gently.

"Yes, a true little Arab," answered his son.

Then, as the men returned to the house, Whitefoot looked again at the newcomer and said slowly, "Do you like o-a-t-s?"

But before the answer was given, Tony came running into the barn with Don, his new friend.

"I hope you will like your home, Don," he said; "and we will be good friends, won't we?"

"Oh, certainly!" said Don. But he was so tired that he lay down in the straw at the black pony's feet, and was soon asleep.

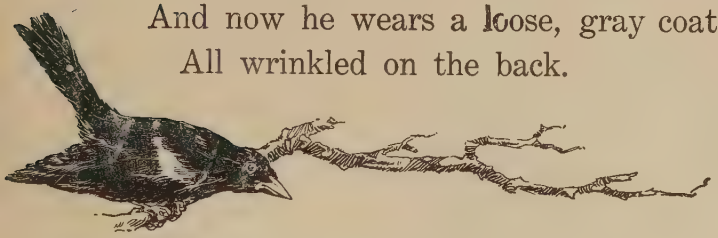
OUR FRIEND IN THE GARDEN

He is not John the gardener,
And yet the whole day long
He makes himself quite useful
The flower beds among.

He is not Tom the pussy cat,
And yet the other day,
With stealthy stride and glistening eye,
He crept upon his prey.

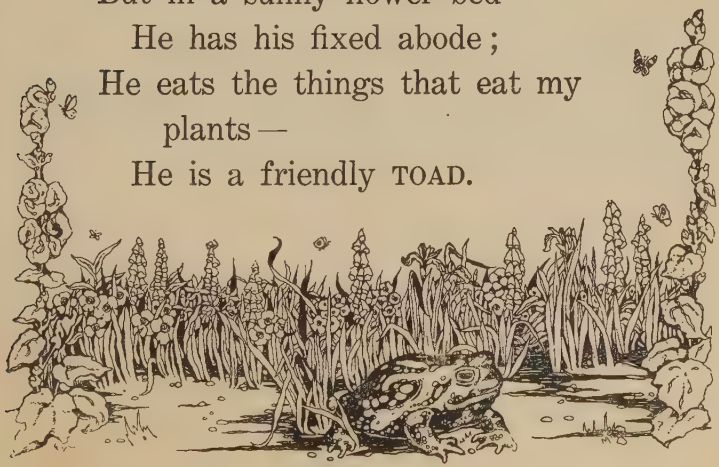
He is not Dash the dear old dog,
And yet, perhaps, if you
Took pains with him and petted him,
You'd come to love him too.

He's not a blackbird, though he chirps,
And though he once was black;
And now he wears a loose, gray coat,
All wrinkled on the back.



He has a very dirty face,
And very shiny eyes;
He sometimes sits beside our door,
And looks — and p'r'aps is — wise.

But in a sunny flower bed
He has his fixed abode;
He eats the things that eat my plants —
He is a friendly TOAD.



BLUE CAP AND THE GIANT[1]

Beechnut	bearskin	earnestly	provided
Malleville	comfortable	reward	crevice
Golgorondo	terrible	example	company

Many years ago, in a pleasant country home among the White Mountains, there lived a happy family of boys and girls. These children were always busy, working, or learning, or playing; and so, every day, they found some new way of helping or amusing one another.

One of the boys was called "Beechnut," although that was only a nickname. He was old enough to do a good deal of work on the farm, and he knew how to tell many pleasant stories. A little girl whose name was Malleville was visiting at the farm, and she never grew tired of listening to Beechnut.

One bright winter day Malleville came into the shed where Beechnut was sawing wood. He was glad to have her company. He threw a bearskin over some smooth logs at one end of

[1] Adapted from "The Franconia Stories — Malleville," by Jacob Abbott.

the woodpile, and thus made a comfortable seat for her.

"I wish you would tell me a story, Beechnut," said Malleville.

So Beechnut began as follows: —

"Once there was a

giant, a great ugly giant, with a terrible face and a big black club. He lived in a den."

"But I don't want to hear such a story as that," said Malleville. "I don't like to hear about giants, it frightens me so."

"Oh, this story won't frighten you. This was a good giant."

"But you said he was ugly."

"He *looked* ugly, that was all. I said he looked ugly."

"What was his name?" asked Malleville.

"His name," said Beechnut, "his name — why, his name was — Gol-go-ron-do."

"I don't believe he was good," said Malleville, shaking her head.

"He was, truly," said Beechnut, turning round and looking at Malleville very earnestly. "He was a good giant, indeed."

"Then what did he want of the great black club?" said Malleville.

"Why, it only looked like a club. It was hollow and there was something inside. He could unscrew the handle, and draw it out like a sword out of a sword cane."

"What was inside of it?"

"A long and beautiful feather.

"Well, one day Golgorondo was sitting at the mouth of the den, very sick and very thirsty. A boy came along with a red cap on his head.

"'Red Cap, Red Cap!' said the giant. 'I have a fever and I am thirsty. Won't you take this mug and bring me a cup of water from the spring?'

"'I can't go now,' said Red Cap; 'I want to go and play.'

"'Very well, run along,' said Golgorondo.

"Soon a girl came by with a green ribbon on her hat.

"'Green Ribbon, Green Ribbon;' said the giant, 'I have a fever and I am thirsty. Please take this mug down to the spring and get me a good cool drink of water.'

"'I'm afraid of you,' said Green Ribbon; 'you look so ugly. I want to run home.'

"'Well, run along, then,' said the giant.

"In a little while another boy came along. He wore a blue cap on his head.

"'Blue Cap, Blue Cap!' said Golgorondo, 'I have a fever and I am thirsty. Won't you take this mug and go down to the spring and get me a good cool drink of water?'

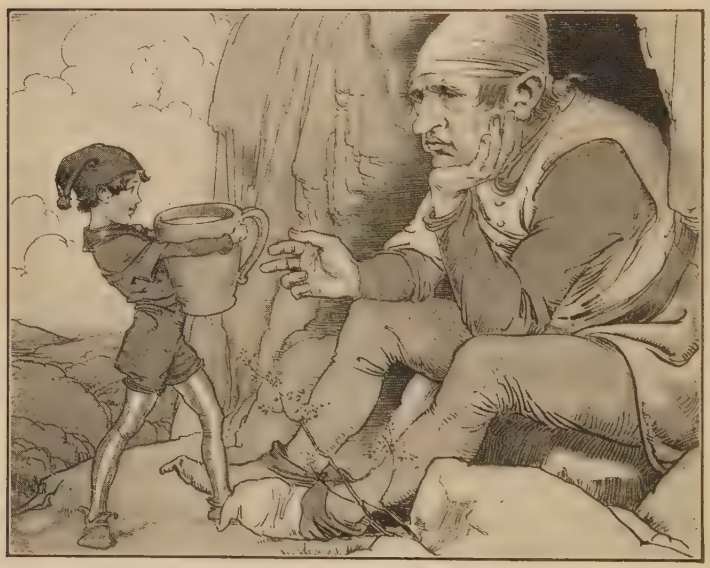
"'Yes,' said Blue Cap, 'I will.'

"So Blue Cap took the mug and went down

to the spring and brought back a mugful of water for the giant. When he had drunk it all, Blue Cap asked if he wanted any more.

"'One mugful more,' said Golgorondo.

"So Blue Cap went down and brought up one



mugful more. Then the giant said, 'Now I shall get well to-night. Come and see me to-morrow, and I will reward you for going to the spring and bringing me two mugs of water.'"

"And did he get well?" asked Malleville.

"Yes, and the next day Blue Cap came again."

"And what did the giant give him?"

"A magic bowl," said Beechnut, "a magic silver bowl. He went into his den and opened the door of a little cupboard that stood by the wall. He took out a beautiful bowl. It had a sort of saucer under it, and a cover on the top. And all over it there were beautiful pictures cut in the silver. On the handle for taking the cover off was the picture of a handsome dog. A little below, upon the side of the cover, was the picture of a hunter and a hare.

"The giant told Blue Cap that the charm of the bowl was in the hunter and the hare. By means of the bowl he could have anything he wanted that was good to eat, provided that he was a good poet.

"It was done this way: He was to put the cover on the bowl and take it in his lap. Then he must say something about the hunter and the hare for one line, and make another line to rime with it, asking for whatever he wanted.

"For example, he might say,—

"Silver huntsman, hunting a hare,
Open your goblet, give me a pear;

and then, opening the bowl, he would find the pear inside."

"And would he, truly?" asked Malleville.

"Certainly," said Beechnut. "Blue Cap took the bowl and put it in his lap. Then he said, —

"Silver hunter, silver hare,
Give me, if you please, a pear.

"Blue Cap opened the bowl and there he found a large, ripe, mellow pear. All this time the giant was sitting at the door of his den."

"I should like such a bowl," said Malleville.

"Blue Cap ate the pear, and then he wanted another. So he put on the cover of the bowl and said again, —

"Silver hunter, silver hare,
I want a sweet and juicy pear.

"Then he opened the bowl, and there was nothing in it.

"'That won't do,' said the giant. 'The same poetry must not be used twice the same day. You must make some new lines.'

"So Blue Cap thought a minute, and then he said:—

"Silver hunter, silver hare,
Give me an apple and a pear."

"And did he get an apple and a pear?" asked Malleville.

"Yes," said Beechnut; "only the pear was not quite so large as the other one. Blue Cap put the apple and the pear in his pocket, and thanked the giant for his bowl. He then went home, carrying the bowl under his arm.

"When he got home, he showed the bowl to his sister, and they tried to make some new lines; but they found it very hard. At last they thought of this:—

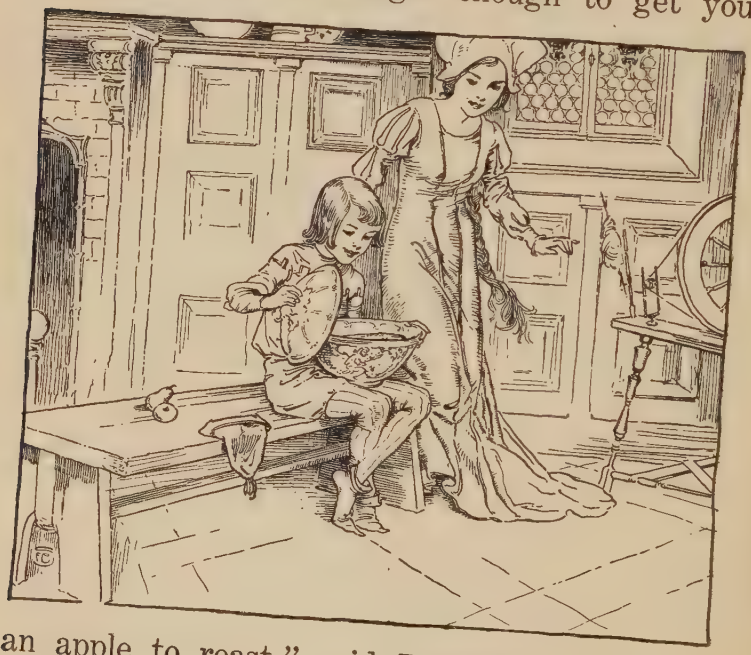
"Silver hunter, climbing high,
Give me a piece of apple pie."

"And did they get a piece of apple pie?" asked Malleville.

"A whole one," said Beechnut. "There was a whole pie, as large as would go into the bowl, with beautiful figures of dogs and horses and huntsmen on the crust."

"Oh, what a good bowl!" said Malleville. "I wish I had such a bowl. The first thing I would ask for would be for a good big apple to roast."

"Why, I know magic enough to get you



an apple to roast," said Beechnut.

So he came to the woodpile where Malleville was sitting and kneeled down.

"I'll get you an apple from under this log," he said.

So he covered over the end of the log with the bearskin very carefully, and then told Malleville to put the ends of her two forefingers together on her lap.

"Now watch your fingers while I speak the magic words," he said.

So Malleville watched her fingers very closely while Beechnut repeated these lines, half singing and half speaking: —

"Under the end of the chestnut tree,
Malleville, Malleville, peep and see,
One for you and none for me,
Bobolink, bobolink, pee-dee, dee."

Then he lifted up the bearskin a little and let Malleville peep in. There she saw a fine large apple lying on the chips.

Beechnut had had this apple in his pocket. While Malleville was watching her fingers, he had reached his arm back into the woodpile and dropped the apple through a crevice. Thence it had rolled down to the end of the log, where Malleville found it.

Beechnut told Malleville that she must not

eat the apple, but must keep it to roast when she went into the house.

That night, as she was going upstairs to bed, Malleville began to tell her cousins the story of Golgorondo and the bowl. They stopped at the head of the stairs to finish the story.

Malleville could not remember the poetry very well. She said that the first line was "Silver huntsman, silver rabbit," but she had forgotten the other line.

"Oh, I guess it was this way," said one of the little girls: —

> "Silver huntsman, silver rabbit,
> Give me an apple, and I'll grab it."

The children laughed loud and long at this funny rime, and then went to their rooms.

Expression: Read how Blue Cap could always get something good to eat. Play that you have a magic bowl, and make up a rime to the hunter.

Pronounce these words carefully: —

Beech'nut	*mag'ic*	*mug*	*thirsty*	*forefinger*
Mal'le ville	*gi'ant*	*mugful*	*cupboard*	*woodpile*
Gol go ron'do	*crev'ice*	*ugly*	*huntsman*	*upstairs*

THE FAIRIES

leathern	doubt	chambers	pearls
thistle	coaches	counterpanes	pillows

The storybooks have told you
Of the fairy folk so nice,
That make them leathern aprons
Of the ears of little mice,
And wear the leaves of roses,
Like caps upon their heads,
And sleep at night on thistle down,
Instead of feather beds.

These stories, too, have told you,
No doubt to your surprise,
That the fairies ride in coaches
Which are drawn by butterflies;
That they walk into your chambers
When you are locked in dreams,
And right across your counterpanes
Make bold to drive their teams;
And that they heap your pillows
With gifts of rings and pearls; —
But do not heed such idle tales,
My little boys and girls.

There are no fairy folk that ride
About the world at night,
Who give you rings and other things,
To pay for doing right.
But if you do to others as
You'd have them do to you,
You'll be as blest as if the best
Of fairy tales were true.

EXPRESSION: Study these words and show what sounds are heard in each: *folk, walk; night, right; dreams, teams; idle, thistle; head, instead.*

THE BROWNIE AND THE CHERRY TREE

I

WHAT is a brownie?

Oh, don't you know? It is a kind of fairy, but not like those fairies who fly among the flowers and dance by moonlight.

A brownie is no bigger than a baby, and he looks very much like a little old man. His face and hands are brown, and he wears a brown coat and a brown, peaked cap that makes him look very funny.

People used to tell many queer stories about brownies and their doings; but these stories were no more true than fairy stories. I will tell you what I once heard in an old country house where I was visiting.

A brownie once lived in this house. Several persons had heard him, but nobody had ever seen him except the children. For brownies, we are told, never show themselves to any but those who are gentle and kind and free from

care. Grown-up people and bad children never get a sight of one.

There were six children in the house — three boys and three girls. They said that the brownie came often to play with them when they were alone; but the older people only smiled and shook their heads, and said there were no such things.

The children liked to play in the orchard; and the best place of all was under a big cherry tree, quite out of sight from the house.

They watched the tree all through the warm days of spring. They saw it put out its white blossoms and its green leaves. They watched the fruit grow large and red on every branch.

Then one morning the mother said, "Children, would you like to gather the cherries to-day?"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried the boys.

"Yes, mother," said the girls; "for the robins are already after them, and if we don't clear the tree, they will."

"Very well; go and clear it, then. I hope you will get enough to fill the basket quite full, for I want to put them up in cans."

"May we eat some of them?" asked the boys.

"Yes, you may eat as many as you wish, but don't make yourselves sick."

"Thank you, thank you! Hurrah! hurrah!" and the children were ready to be off at once. But the mother stopped them.

"Wait," she said. "The gardener will take his ladder and go with you. For he must climb the tree, not you. You must do just as he tells you; and he will see that none of you gets hurt."

Now the gardener was a kind-hearted man, but he looked cross and had a grim way of doing things which the children didn't like. So they begged hard to go alone.

"Please may we go without the gardener? We will be very good."

The mother shook her head.

"I'm afraid you might tumble from the tree. You wouldn't be safe, I know; and I should be very unhappy."

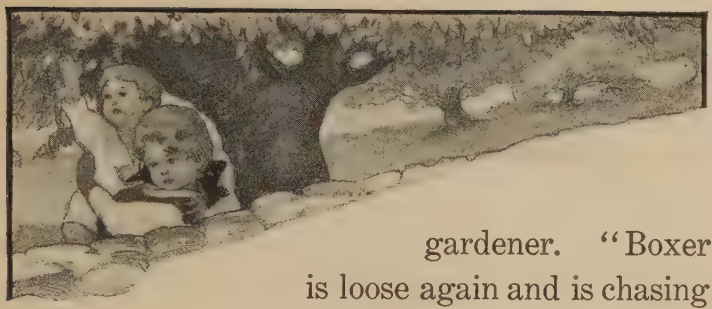
Now the children were willing to do anything rather than make their mother unhappy. So they said not another word, but followed the gardener with his ladder.

The gardener shook his head and grumbled to himself. He was really glad to have the children with him, but he did not wish them to know it.

II

The gardener was lifting his ladder to set it against the cherry tree, and the children were all watching him. Then, all at once, the sharp barking of a dog was heard.

"There! Do you hear that?" growled the



gardener. "Boxer is loose again and is chasing the young chickens. I must go and tie him up."

He threw the ladder down upon the grass and was off as fast as his legs would carry him. The cherries and the children could wait until the dog was attended to.

As soon as he was out of sight, a little brown face peeped from behind the cherry tree. Then there was a merry shout and a laugh, and the brownie leaped out right before them.

"Hello, boys and girls! How do you do? Didn't I bark well? Now let's have some fun."

The children clapped their hands; for the brownie was the best little playfellow in the world — and they knew it.

"Come on!" he cried in his shrill voice. "Who'll be the first to gather some cherries?"

The children stood still and wondered. The branches were very high, and their mother had said they must not climb. The ladder lay flat on the grass, and was far too heavy for their little hands to move.

"What! Do you big boys expect a little fellow like me to lift that ladder? Get hold of it — I'll help you."

The three little boys obeyed him — and so did the three little girls. As soon as their hands touched the ladder, up it rose against the tree just in the right place. It was the brownie who did it. He looked around and smiled.

"But we mustn't climb — mother said we must not," said the boys.

"Mother told us to stand at the bottom and pick up the cherries as they fell," said the girls.

"That's right! Always obey your mother. I'll just run up the tree myself," said the brownie.

Before the words were out of his mouth, the little fellow had darted up the ladder like a monkey. The next moment he was out of sight among the branches.

"Biggest fruit always grows highest," the children heard him say; and soon they saw his merry, brown face peeping down from the very top of the tree.

"Stand in a row, all you children. Little boys, hold out your caps. Little girls, spread your aprons.

"Open your mouths and shut your eyes,
And see how the queen will send a surprise."

They laughed, and did what they were told. Then, down came the cherries. They fell like hailstones. They hit the children on their heads. They bounced against their cheeks and noses.

What a glorious scramble they had — those three little boys and three little girls! How they laughed and jumped and knocked heads together in picking up the cherries!

And the brownie was the merriest of the lot. He ran up and down the tree like a cat. He helped to pick up the cherries. He never stopped a moment till the big market basket was full.

"We were to eat as many as we liked," said

the eldest of the girls. "But mother said we mustn't get sick."

"That's right!" cried the brownie. "Now we'll have a dinner party. Sit in a ring, children, and then you can begin."

III

The children obeyed. They ate so much and were so happy that they forgot all about the gardener.

After a long while, they heard him opening the orchard gate. They listened as he came down the path toward the cherry tree. He was grumbling to himself.

"I'd like to know what dog it was. I thought it was Boxer, but it wasn't. I went and hunted for him everywhere, and at last found him asleep in his kennel. I'd like to know where that dog is that barked so."

When he came nearer, he stopped short and threw up his hands. "Why, why! where are the children? And the cherries! Why, the tree is bare! Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" was echoed from

among the trees; and the gardener was quite sure that somebody was laughing at him.

But it was none of the children. They were

all sitting in a ring, with their hands before them; and in the center was the great basket, almost as full as it could hold with ripe, red cherries.

"Children! children! What have you been

doing!" cried the gardener. "Didn't your mother tell you not to climb?"

"We didn't climb," said the boys.

"We didn't climb," said the girls.

"Then how did all this happen?" growled the gardener. "I'm afraid you have been doing wrong."

But there was nothing wrong. The cherries were gathered; the basket was filled; the ladder was in its place; nobody had been hurt. So, what could he say?

The children were ready to go home. The gardener looked this way and that, and wondered. Then he picked up the basket of cherries and carried it to the house.

"Here are your cherries, ma'am," he said; "but I must tell you that I didn't gather them."

"Children, children!" said the mother, "didn't I tell you not to climb?"

"Oh, mother, we didn't climb," said the eldest boy; "it was the brownie."

"The little brown man did it all," said one of the girls.

"And the gardener was cross to us — very, very cross," said Ned, who was the youngest.

"My children," said the mother, "the gardener does not mean to be cross. He wishes to be kind to you, I know."

Then she kissed each of the children and laughed at their cherry-stained faces. And, indeed, they looked very funny and might have been taken for brownies themselves.

"I'd like to catch that brownie," said the gardener.

But nobody ever caught him. And he lived in the cellar of the old country house, and was always ready to help any one who was good and kind and happy-hearted.

EXPRESSION: Tell how a brownie looks. Draw his picture. Repeat what was said when the children started to the cherry tree. What was said when they returned with the cherries?

Study these words, and pronounce each one very carefully: —

rath'er	*ex pect'*	*touched*	*o bey'*	*bounced*
scram'ble	*ech'oed*	*mon'key*	*o beyed'*	*gath'ered*

Repeat the poem on page 249.

CHERRIES ARE RIPE!

Under the tree, the farmer said,
Smiling and shaking his wise old head:
"Cherries are ripe! but then, you know,
There's the grass to cut and the corn to hoe;
We can gather the cherries any day,
But when the sun shines we must make our hay:
To-night, when the work has all been done,
We'll muster the boys for fruit and fun."

Upon the tree, a robin said,
Perking and cocking his saucy head:
"Cherries are ripe! and so to-day
We'll gather them while you make the hay;
For we are the boys with no corn to hoe,
No cows to milk, and no grass to mow."

At night the farmer said: "Here's a trick!
These roguish robins have had their pick."

EXPRESSION: Repeat what the farmer said. What did the robin do and say?

Pronounce very plainly: *fruit and fun; saucy head; here's a trick; roguish robins; his wise old head.*

SILVER HAIR AND THE THREE BEARS — A PLAY

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

SILVER HAIR, *a little girl.*
BIG BEAR. MIDDLE-SIZED BEAR. LITTLE BEAR.

SCENE I

In the woods. A tiny house among the vines. Enter SILVER HAIR, *chasing a butterfly.*

SILVER H. The butterfly's a gentleman, they say. If so, why does he try to get away? I'm sure I don't mean to do him any harm.

[*Wipes her face with handkerchief.*

How very warm it is, and I'm so tired! You may go your way, you naughty thing. I won't run after you another step. You're not half so pretty as I thought you were.

[*She sees a wildflower and stoops to pluck it.*

Oh, what a rose I've found! It's prettier than any butterfly. And the woods are full of them. See! See!

[*Stops suddenly and looks up at the sky.*

Was that a drop of rain? I do believe it was. The clouds are very black. I'm afraid

I'll get wet. I'll pluck one more flower and then I'll run home.

[*The rain begins to fall. She throws her apron over her head, and looks around.*

Ah! which is the way? I'm sure I don't know. But there! I see a little house under the trees. I will run to it for shelter.

[*Runs out.*

Scene II

The inside of the tiny house. A table is laid for breakfast, with three bowls of soup, and beside each a large spoon. Three chairs, large, middle-sized, and small, at one side of room. A sofa in the corner.

Enter Silver Hair, *with apron over her head. She looks about in surprise.*

Silver H. What! Nobody at home! The doors are all open, too! Well, I'll stay till the rain is over, for I mustn't get wet. I hope the folks that live here won't care. They surely wouldn't drive me out into the storm.

[*Goes to the table and looks at the soup bowls, putting a spoon in each.*

The soup smells good, and it's steaming hot. It makes me hungry. I'll just take a little taste. I know they won't care.

[*Tastes of the soup in the largest bowl, and drops the spoon quickly upon the table.*

Oh! oh! My tongue! my tongue! Why did they make it so hot? But perhaps this in the middle bowl is better.

[*Tastes very carefully, and drops the spoon by the side of the bowl.*

Phew! It's none too hot, but the flavor is bad. I don't like it. The soup in the little bowl looks better. I'll try it.

[*Tastes, and smacks her lips with pleasure.*

Ah! That's the thing. It's as good as mother makes for our Sunday dinner.

[*Hastily eats all in the small bowl.*

There! I feel better. That's what I call a treat. Now I think I'll rest on that pretty sofa till the rain is over. I know they won't care.

[*Lies down on sofa, and falls asleep. Enter the* THREE BEARS.

BIG BEAR [*puffing and wiping his forehead*]. Come, come! The soup is cool enough, and I am hungry. Be quick, and let's have breakfast.

MIDDLE-SIZED BEAR [*taking off her hat and wraps*]. Oh, do mind your manners! Take off your overshoes before you sit at the table. People would think you are a pig, you are so ill-mannered.

LITTLE BEAR [*putting his little chair in its place, and pulling at his mother's skirts*].

Come, mother! I'm so hungry; and the soup smells so good.

BIG BEAR. [*Sits down at table and puts on spectacles.*] Hello, here! Somebody's been meddling with my soup.

MIDDLE-SIZED BEAR. I wonder! And they've been in mine, too. I'd like to know—

LITTLE BEAR. Boo-hoo! They've been in mine, too; and they've eaten it all up!

BIG BEAR. Well, well, well! Did you ever hear of such a thing — burglars coming right into the house in broad daylight? But I'll catch 'em!

[*Jumping up and bustling around.*

MIDDLE-SIZED BEAR. Be careful now. They may have a gun; and you know what guns are for. I'm afraid—

LITTLE BEAR. O-o-o-h! I'm afraid, too! Let's run and hide.

BIG BEAR. Hush, hush, you little coward! I'll see that nothing hurts you. [*Sees* SILVER HAIR *on the sofa.*] Ah! There's the thief now. Sh! Let's take a look at her. She won't hurt you, pet; she's only a girl.

[*All gather very quietly about the sofa and look at* SILVER HAIR.

LITTLE BEAR. Oh, mother! Isn't she pretty? I wish she would stay with us all the time and be my little playmate.

MIDDLE-SIZED BEAR. She *is* very pretty, and I think we could tame her in a little while. She would be a fine pet.

BIG BEAR. Sh! sh! Be very still and don't wake her up. I'll hurry and make a nice little

wooden cage for her, and we'll put her in it. [*Rushes out.*

LITTLE BEAR. Oh, the pretty little creature! See her long hair, mother; and her dainty little white paws. I wonder if she knows any tricks.

MIDDLE-SIZED BEAR. I think we can teach her a few; and when she is tame enough she may play around the house.

LITTLE BEAR. And I'll feed her, mother. She may have my bowl of soup every day.

[*Enter* BIG BEAR *with the box-cage he has made.*

BIG BEAR [*very much excited*]. Here it is. Now you watch the door, sonny, and we'll soon have her safe and sure.

[*In his hurry he drops the box upon the floor, making a great noise. This wakens* SILVER HAIR. *She starts up in alarm.*

SILVER H. Ah! Where am I? Oh! oh!

[*She looks around and is much frightened; then she leaps through the window and runs away. The Three Bears gaze after her in surprise and disappointment.*

BIG BEAR. There! there! didn't I tell you to keep quiet? I was just ready to slip her into the cage.

MIDDLE-SIZED BEAR. It's all your fault, sir. You made the noise. Let the poor little thing go. She'll be happier with her own folks than with us. It's her nature to be afraid of us, you know.

LITTLE BEAR. Oh-oh-oh! She's gone! she's gone! Oo-oo-oh!

MIDDLE-SIZED BEAR. Hush! Hush your crying. Come now, wipe your eyes, and sit down at the table.

The soup's all cold, but I'll warm it up,
And you shall have another cup.

EXPRESSION: How many persons are in this play? Who are they? Read what each one does and says. Tell the story in your own words.

Choose parts and act the play. Be sure to speak just as you think Silver Hair and the bears spoke.

Study the following words. How many syllables in each word?

pluck	*bur'glar*	*dain'ty*	*shel'ter*	*gen'tle man*
black	*hun'gry*	*day'light*	*read'y*	*but'ter fly*
cloud	*hur'ry*	*fla'vor*	*naugh'ty*	*o'ver shoe*
cage	*quick'ly*	*wak'ens*	*na'ture*	*hap'pi er*

THE GUIDEPOST

appeared	courage	horrid	fearful
benighted	monster	eager	groped
plunged	ghost	mantle	homeward

The night was dark, the sun was hid
  Behind the mountain gray,
And not a single star appeared
  To shoot its silver ray.

In the dark woods the gray owl flew,
  Loud roared the wintry blast;
And homeward, trembling all the while,
  Benighted Harry passed.

A while, in thickest darkness plunged,
  He groped, his way to find;
And then he thought he saw, beyond,
  A form of horrid kind.

In dreadful white it upward rose,
  Of coat and mantle bare,
And stretched its naked arms across,
  To catch him by the hair.

Poor Harry felt his blood run cold
  At what before him stood.
"But then," thought he, "no harm, I'm sure,
  Should happen to the good."

So, calling all his courage up,
  He toward the monster went;
And, eager, through the fearful gloom,
  His anxious glances sent.

And when he came quite near the thing
  Which gave him such affright,
He clapped his hands, and shouted, too,
  And loudly laughed outright.

For 'twas a guidepost standing there,
  To point which way to go,
And no fierce beast nor fearful ghost,
  That frightened Harry so.

"Ah, well," said he, "one thing I've learned,
  Nor shall I soon forget:
Whatever frightens me again,
  I'll march straight up to it.

"And when I hear an idle tale
  Of monster or of ghost,
I'll tell of this, my lonely walk,
  And one tall, white guidepost."

Expression: Tell this story in your own words.

Practice speaking the following: *thickest darkness; stretched its arms; his anxious glances; guidepost standing there; fierce beast; march straight up.*

Study these words: *ghōst, mŏn'ster, fôrm; gl͞oom, st͝ood; blood.* Notice the different sounds of *o*; of *oo*.

THE LEGEND OF HIAWATHA

You remember the story of Leaping Deer who saw the white man's ship coming from over the sea. You remember, too, the verses about "little Indian, Sioux or Crow," which you learned some time ago. Turn to these again and repeat them; and then we will read together the story of another Indian whose name is known to the children in every school of our country.

The Indians have many beautiful stories. These they used to repeat to each other when sitting by their camp fires in the long winter evenings. Such stories are called *legends*, for they were told long, long ago, before anybody thought of printing them in books.

One of the finest of these Indian legends is the story of Hiawatha, the noblest of Indian chiefs.

Hiawatha lived long ago — so long that no one can count the years that have passed since then. His home was by the shore of a great lake called the Big Sea Water; and there, when a child, he lived in a wigwam, with his grandmother. The name of his grandmother was Nokomis, and she was as good as she was old.

As Hiawatha grew up, he learned to do all those things which a great hunter and warrior must do. He could run very swiftly. He could swim in the roughest water. He could track the wild beasts in the forest. He could leap very high in the air. He could wrestle with the strongest of men. He was never afraid.

Every one who knew Hiawatha loved him — he was so wise and so brave. The birds and the timid animals in the woods knew his voice. They would come to him when he called — he was so gentle and so kind.

When he became a man he taught the red people many useful things; for until that time they had lived like animals, knowing but little more than the bear or the wolf. Hiawatha showed them how to make bows and arrows.

He taught them how to shoot straight and far. He showed them how to build canoes to sail upon the lake and the rivers.

It was from him that the red people learned to plant corn and use the grains for food. From him also they learned how to cook the flesh of the deer or the buffalo; and he taught them the best way to catch fish. More than all else he showed them what they should do to keep themselves strong and well, and free from sickness.

From far and near men came to see the noble Hiawatha and to be taught by him. They listened to his wise words. They trusted him, for they knew that what he said was true.

One day bad news came to Hiawatha's people. A tribe of strange Indians from the North had come into their country. They were burning the wigwams and destroying the cornfields. They were killing the warriors. They were carrying away the women and children. Great was the terror; great was the distress of Hiawatha's people.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" asked the chief men and the warriors.

"My brothers," said Hiawatha, "we must all be as brothers. Let the chiefs of the East and the West and the South meet in council.

Let all unite to save our country from these savages of the North. For in union there is strength."

So a great council was called. It was held on a high bluff on the shore of the lake, and many

brave chiefs were there. At home, in his wigwam, Hiawatha sat praying to the Great Spirit and asking for wisdom. For three days and nights he thus prayed, and the chiefs waited for him on the bluff.

On the fourth day they saw him coming in his canoe. They shouted and ran down to the shore to meet him.

"Now tell us," they said, "what we must do to save our people."

Then all followed him into the great wigwam. The warriors, one after another, smoked the pipe of friendship. For a long time they sat together, and not a word was spoken. Then Hiawatha arose and with outstretched arms spoke to the waiting chiefs.

"Listen to me, my brothers. You have come from distant places. You have come from the East, from the West, from the South. You have come because this great danger hangs over us all alike. Each one of us needs the help of all the rest.

"You ask what we must do to save our people? I will tell you. We must work to-

gether as brothers. We must unite and help one another. Then we shall be strong; we shall be able to overcome our foes; we shall be one great people."

The chiefs heard him and knew that he spoke wisely. They agreed to all that he wished. They called their warriors together, and in one united band they marched against their foes. And they conquered because they were united.

Such is only a small part of the legend which, long ago, the red Indians of our country told to one another and their children.

A great poet whose name was Henry W. Longfellow learned this story and wrote it in pleasing verses which everybody may read. Would you not like to read about the childhood of Hiawatha?

EXPRESSION: Study these words; your teacher will help you learn to pronounce them: —

Hī a wą'tha	*coun'cil*	*leg'end*	*ca noe'*	*un'ion*
No ko'mis	*buf'fa lo*	*dan'ger*	*dis tress'*	*u nite'*
Long'fel low	*war'rior*	*wres'tle*	*ter'ror*	*u nit'ed*

Tell the story of Hiawatha. What kind of story is a legend? Repeat the speech which Hiawatha made before the council. What may we learn from that speech?

THE CHILDHOOD OF HIAWATHA[1]

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big Sea Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.

Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big Sea Water.

[1] From "The Song of Hiawatha," by Henry W. Longfellow.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews; —
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,

And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature —
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wildflowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing, in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,

Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding, at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

EXPRESSION: Learn to pronounce these words:—

Git'che Gu'mee	*Wah'-wah-tay'see*	*wrin'kled*
E'wä-yeä'	*rein'deer*	*sin'ews*
Min'ne-wä'wä	*prai'rie*	*na'tive*
Mud'way-aush'kä	*per'ish*	*lan'guage*

POEMS TO BE MEMORIZED

[For other poems to be memorized, see pages 58, 59, 83, 110, 141, 149, 164, 165, 187.]

I. Marjorie's Almanac

Robins in the tree-top,
  Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
  Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
  Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
  Budding out anew;
Pine tree and willow tree,
  Fringèd elm and larch, —
Don't you think that May time's
  Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard
  Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
  Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness,
  Lilies fair of face,

Drowsy scents and murmurs
  Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
  Moonlight bright as day, —
Don't you think that summer's
  Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn patch
  Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearthside
  Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes
  Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
  Rustling down the wind;
Mother "doin' peaches"
  All the afternoon, —
Don't you think that autumn's
  Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snowflakes
  Dancing in the flue; —
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
  What is keeping you?

Twilight and firelight,
  Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh bells
  Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings
  (Pussy's got the ball), —
Don't you think that winter's
  Pleasanter than all?

II. To the Violet

Dear little Violet,
  Don't be afraid!
Lift your blue eyes
  From the rock's mossy shade.

All the birds call for you
  Out of the sky;
May is here waiting,
  And here, too, am I.

Come, pretty Violet,
  Winter's away;
Come, for without you
  May isn't May.

Down through the sunshine
  Wings flutter and fly;
Quick, little Violet,
  Open your eye!

III. "He Prayeth Best"

He prayeth well who loveth well
  Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
  All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
  He made and loveth all.

IV. A Child's Prayer

God make my life a little light,
  Within the world to glow;
A tiny flame that burneth bright
  Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
  That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
  Although its place be small.

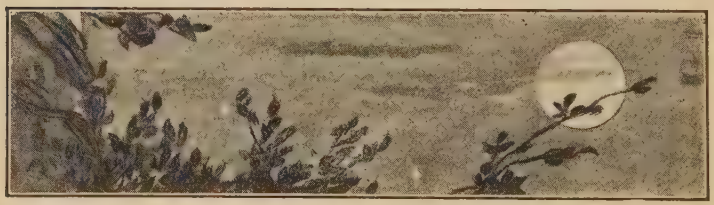
God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbors best.

V. Good Night

Good night! good night! the moon will light
The east before the dawn;
And stars arise to gem the skies
When these have journeyed on.

Good night! and sweetest dreams be thine,
Through all their shining way,
Till darkness goes, and bird and rose
With rapture greet the day.



WORD STUDY

I. Marks and Sounds

Some letters have only one sound; others have two or more sounds. Notice the sounds of the letters in the following words:—

(a)	gāve	glăd	märk	bạll	åsk
(e)	shē	ēve	fẽlt	hẽr	wẽre
(i)	drīve	chīld	mĭlk	gĭrl	mĭrth
(o)	bōld	spŏt	fôrm	wọlf	sȯn dọ
(u)	amūse	trụth	fŭn	pụt	fûr

Marks are sometimes placed over or under certain letters to show what sounds they have. By observing these marks you will be helped to pronounce the words correctly.

What five sounds has *a*? How may each of these sounds be indicated by marks?

Give three sounds of *e*; also three sounds of *i*. Learn the marks that indicate these sounds.

Give six sounds of *o*. Give five sounds of *u*.

Observe also the following words and marks:—

(g)	get	guide	ġen′tle	ġi′ant	leġ′end
(c)	cap	clean	çer′tain	pen′çil	ad viçe′
(s)	a las′	per′son	rea′ṣon	couṣ′in	pu′pilṣ

What two sounds has *g*? How is *g* sometimes marked to show that it has the sound of *j*?

What two sounds has *c*? How is *c* sometimes marked to show that it has the sound of *s*?

What two sounds has *s*? How is *s* sometimes marked to show that it has the sound of *z*?

You can pronounce most words correctly if you will carefully notice how they are spelled. Marks are used in the following lists only to help you in pronouncing certain words which might otherwise be troublesome. Silent letters are sometimes printed in *italics*.

II. Review of Word Lists

Pronounce distinctly the words in each group. Repeat each word as directed by the teacher. Try to use it in a sentence of your own.

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11. fā′mous, lē*a*rn′er, need′ed, pĕn′çĭl, poor′ly, pub′lic, pu′pils, stŭd′ĭed.
17. hap′pily, hap′py, mer′ri ly, mer′ry, naugh′ty, stud′y, swift′ly, ug′ly.
19. An′drew, ban′nock, cru̇′el, dodge, fetch, grid′dle, hedge, nee′dle, oat′meal, sew′ing (pronounced *sō′ing*), shē*a*rs, shȯv′el, so̤*u*p, ta′ble, tai′lors, wel′come.
31. cûrt′sĭed, man′ners, min′is ter, ŏr′a tor, prim′er, pro nounced′, speak′er, strān′gers.
36. ad mired′, beau′ti ful, blame, break, bro′ken, fruit, glass, heart, nod′ded, pulled, rolled, ta′ble, toward, truth, whole, world.
42. a̤l rĕ*a*d′y̆, At lan′tic, coun′try, doll′y, fam′i ly, ġe og′ra phy, hard′ly, o′cean, plĕ*a*s′ant, plĕ*a*s′ure, sŏr′ry̆, ves′sel.

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47. dif′fer ent, Ma′jor, sōl′dier, trudged, trun′dle, un′cle, use′ful ness, wheel′bar row.
54. A mĕr′ĭ ca, dĭs cȯv′ered, In′dĭ a, In′di ans, mer′-chants, re tûrned′, Spain, west′ern.
60. be sides′, bōwl, emp′ty, for′ward, plain′ly, pụshed, rapped, scăm′pered, sẽarch′ing, sto′len, tan′gled, wild′ly.
64. ạl thōugh′, A rā′bĭ a, ăr′rowṣ, cam′el, cȯv′ered, dĕṣ′ert, Has′san, odd′ly, pȧs′ture, plen′ty, thou′-ṣand, trav′el.
67. beach, ca nọe′, çĕn′ter, chíēf, fríĕnd′ly, hand′-sȯme, scârçe, shell′fish, vĭṣ′ĭt, whis′pered, wheth′er, wig′wạm.
72. be yȯnd′, clōtheṣ, Eng′land, Grace, ham′mock, per haps′, Pil′grim, Plўm′outh, re′al ly, sav′age, vil′lage, voy′age.
78. blos′som, bot′tom, feast′ed, găth′ered, maize, sprout, square, tăs′selṣ, thanks giv′ing, thrĕadṣ, tûr′keў, vĕġ′e ta bles.
84. bears, buf′fa loes, deer, el′e phants, fleet′est, fŏr′est, frȯnt, joined, lēaped, pan′ic, sup pōṣe′, ti′gers.
89. flow′er pot, nēi′ther, plĕaṣ′ant lў, pûr′ple, Rŏṣ′a-mond, slow′ly, wōrn, worse.
95. āched, bär′rel, min′ute, plĕaṣ′ant ly.
99. be neath′, co′zy, crea′ture, crumbs, ex pect′, flut′-tered, help′less, pleas′ure, pres′ent, shel′ter.
110. bēard, beaū′tĭ ful, drēar, foot′steps, gifts, scat′ters, sphēre, wēa′rў.
111. juiç′ў, nō′tĭçe, ŏf′fered, schol′ar, shrink′ing, tim′id, trem′bling, va′cant.

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114. a larm′, an′gry, both′er, ēaṣ′ĭ er, mer′chant, prŏm′ĭse, shoe′māk er, wa′ges.

121. blōw′ing, dream′ing, hīd′ing, rŭs′tling.

124. bŏth′er ing, car′ry ing, dânç′ing, eat′ing, shiv′er-ing, work′ing.

125. âsked, bŭs′tled, crīed, lăshed, lift′ed, rōared, stepped, warmed.

130. a lâs′, be neath′, dar′ling, ĭn vīt′ed, mo′ment, po lite′, scam′pered, tea′cups.

132. bed′room, bench′es, bōardṣ, căb′ĭn, dish′es, fire′-place, ket′tles, kitch′en.

134. back′woods, deer′skin, ĕr′rands, in stĕad′, moc′a-sins, rac coon′, squĭr′rels, trou′ṣerṣ.

136. gob′ble, muz′zle, nĕç′es sa rў, no′ble, per suade′, plĕaṣ′ure, rēa′ṣon, sŏr′rў.

138. at tend′ed, de çīd′ed, dis missed′, ēaṣ′ĭ lў, fin′ished, stŭd′ĭed, suc çeed′, wrĕs′tle.

143. boy′hood, brôad, Eng′lish man, hol′i day, man′aġe, o ver looks′, plan ta′tion, sev′er al.

145. cloth′ing, dạughter, pos′si ble, rail′road, rail′way, steam′boat, trav′el ing, trol′ley.

147. anx′ious, de liv′ered, griēve, ôr′dered, plant′ers, to bac′co, use′ful, won′der ful.

149. ban′ter, clus′ter ing, ha′zel, home′ward, lea, maid′ens, shad′ow, trout.

151. ăd vīçe′, bạlked, bēat′ing, busi′ness (bĭz′nes), dŏn′-key, hạul′ing, pack′aġ es, sleek, sta′tion, stub′-born, wāst′ed, whack.

154. çēr′taĭn ly, coŭṣ′ĭns, Gäunt, Keep′er, kind′ly, leaped, pōul′trў, prowl′ing, ques′tions, Reynard (rā′-), rush′-

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ing, sēized, sẽrv'ants, shep'herd, slaves, snap'ping, snarled, snarl'ing, watched, wolves.

160. beaũ'tў, beau'ti ful, emp'ty, emp'tied, plen'ty, plen'ti ful, ripe, rīp'est, sweet, sweet'est.

168. con tent'ed, dis con tent'ed, drĕad'ful, non'sense, reins (pro. *rānz*), sat'is fied, shame, sharp, sud'den, swōrd, văl'en tine, wrăp'pers.

178. chīrp'ing, Jul'ia, ôr'chard, shaped, soft'ly, Tea'leaf, top'most, troŭ'ble.

182. cōax, hälf, juice, rol'lick ing.

200. bear'skin. Beech'nut, cŏm'fort a ble, cŏm'pa nў, crĕv'ice. ẽar'nest ly, ex am'ple, Gol go ron'do, Măl'le ville, pro vīd'ed, re ward', tẽr'rĭ ble.

211. chām'bers, coach'es, coun'ter panes, doubt, lĕath'ern, pẽarls, pil'lows, thĭs'tle.

233. ap peared', be night'ed, coŭr'age, ēa'ger, fear'ful, ghōst, groped, home'ward, hŏr'rid, man'tle, mon'ster, plŭnged.

III. Proper Names

A'bra ham	Do'ra	George
A mĕr'i ca	Dor'sey	Git'che Gu'mee
An'nie	East'er	Gold'smith
A ra'bi a	Ed'ward	Gol go ron'do
At lan'tic	Eng'land	Grace
Au gŭs'tīne	Es'ki mo	Grum'ble dom
A'zel	Ev'er ett	Hăr'ris
Beech'nut	Fe'lix	Hăr'ry
Bes'sie	Flo'ra	Has'san
Co lum'bus	Fritz	Hen'ry

Hī a wạ′tha	Măl′le vĭlle	Rŏṣ′a mȯnd
In′di a	Mar′ger y	Sa′rah
In di an′a	Mar′jo rie	Sioux (sōō)
Jap a nee′	Mount Ver′non	Spain
Jul′ia	No ko′mis	Tea′leaf
Law′rence	Ol′i ver	To′ny
Leap′ing Deer	Pil′grim	Vir ġin′i a
Lin′coln	Plym′outh	Wash′ing ton
Long′fel low	Reynard (rā′)	White′foot

IV. Some Words not in the Word Lists

a bode′	brēathe	cow′ard	flŭt′ter ing
a brôad′	breeze	cŭp′board	fore fin′ger
a′corn	bri′ers	cu′ri ous	free′dom
a live′	brown′ie	cŭr′rants	fret′ful
al′lowed	bu′gle	dain′ty	fruits
am′ber	bur′glars	dāme	găth′er
a muse′	cel′lar	dawn	ġen′tly
ap pear′	chat′ter	dirt′y	ġī′ant
au′thor	chick′a dees	dis grace′	ġĭn′ġer brĕad
a wake′	chĭrped	dis turbed′	gloom′y
back′ward	chĭr′rup	eld′est	glō′ri ous
bälm′ў	chō′rus	em bark′	gloss′y
beasts	clŏṣ′et	ex çīt′ed	grum′ble
bea′vers	cȯl′or	ex pect′	guīde
be hold′	con′cert	eye′lids	guide′post
be lieve′	coun′çĭl	fault	hap′pi ness
blåst	coŭr′aġe	fĕath′er y	harm′less
blood	cȯv′erṣ	fĭg′ure	heärth

hĕav′en
help′less
ĭm prov′ing
in′sects
ken′nel
knĕlt
lăn′guaġe
lĕġ′end
lib′er ty
light′ning
lin′den
lisp′ing
lodge
mirth
mī′ṣer
mis take′
mŏn′ster
mŏr′al
môr′tal
mug′ful
mus′ter
nā′tĭve
na′ture
neigh′bor
o bey′
out right′
o′ver shoes
pāste
pa′tience
peb′ble

per haps′
pĕr′ĭsh
per se vere′
pĭĕr
pil′low
plain′ly
plowed
plow′man
pock′et
prac′tice
prāi′rie
praise
prĕ′çious
pre vail′
prey (prā)
pro long′
prŏm′ĭse
pro tect′
prọve
prụ′dent
quince
rāin′bōw
rap′ture
rare′ly
rein′deer
re pay′
re peat′
re ward′
roan
rō′guish

scold′ing
se′crets
shel′ter
shiv′er ing
shōul′der
shout′ed
shreds
shrill
sīgns
si′lent ly
sin′ews
sleigh (slā)
slum′ber
sō′fa
song′ster
sȯn′nў
spar′kle
spar′row
sprĕad
stĕalth′ў
straw′ber ries
stroked
stum′ble
stunned
suc ceed′
sūits
sur prīse′
swift′ly
tem′pled
tĕr′rĭ fў

tĕr′ror
thick′et
thirst′y
thought′ful
tĭm′id
tȯngue
toŭch′eṣ
touch′ing
trĕad
trĕaṣ′ured
truṯh
tum′ble
twit′ter ing
un′ion
u nite′
u′su al ly
vers′es
view
war′rior
wĕalth
weath′er
wed′ding
wĭṣ′dom
wisp
wood′pile
worth
wō′ven
wrĕs′tle
wrĭn′kled
yes′ter day

V. Exercises

Notice how the words are arranged in these lists. Talk with the teacher about it.

Pronounce clearly and correctly all the words beginning with *a*; all the words beginning with *b*; with *c*, etc., through the entire alphabet.

Spell from the book all the words of one syllable.

Spell all the words of more than one syllable, and pronounce each syllable.

Make a list of forty of the hardest words in this book, and learn to spell and pronounce each one.